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SUSPENSE STORIES

STRANGE

SUSPENSE STORIES

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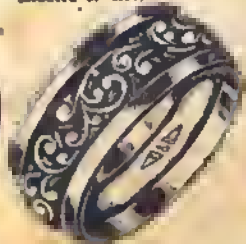
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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

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STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified by their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS ★ THE DICK TRACY STORY ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ ZOO RUNNERS ★ BASH LAKE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX BITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TITANS ★ THE THING ★ MY LITTLE MARGOT.

WHO WILL HE BE ?

GO AHEAD... (GASP) ... KILL ME AS YOU HAVE KILLED ALL THE OTHERS WHO PLOTTED AGAINST YOU! BUT KNOW THIS... THE DAYS OF A TYRANT ARE NUMBERED! TOO LONG HAVE YOU OPPRESSED THE PEOPLE! SOON--

I AM AMUSED. I AM VASTLY AMUSED...



WHO WILL EVER BE ABLE TO CAUSE MY DEATH? I AM SO WELL GUARDED THAT HE WILL HAVE TO BE SMALLER THAN THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB, AND HAVE WINGS FOR SWIFTNESS! WHO WILL HE BE...?

I KNOW HIM NOT! BUT SUCH A ONE MUST EXIST! FOR FREEDOM'S SAKE, HE MUST!

YOU ARE WRONG! AND SINCE YOU ARE ABOUT TO DIE, THERE WILL BE NO HARM TO TELL YOU WHY YOU ARE WRONG...



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I ADMIT I AM A TYRANT! IT IS MY PLEASURE TO RULE HARSHLY... BUT I AM A TYRANT WITH BRAINS. A TYRANT WHO REALIZES THAT EVERY MOMENT OF THE DAY, **NEW PLOTS** ARE BEING HATCHED AGAINST MY LIFE! SO I HAVE TAKEN SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS...



"CURS IS A SMALL COUNTRY ON THE NORTHERN COAST OF AFRICA, BOUNDED ON ONE SIDE BY TOWERING MOUNTAINS, ON THE OTHER BY THE CRASHING SEA. THE POPULATION IS NOT VAST, MY SECRET POLICE HAVE COMPLETE DOSSIERS ON **EVERYONE**. ALL KNOWN AGITATORS ARE UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE..."



"AT REGULAR INTERVALS, ALL PEOPLE WHO HAVE HAD ANY SOCIAL INTER-COURSE WHATSOEVER WITH ANY KNOWN AGITATORS, ARE PLUCKED OFF THE STREETS..."

W-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!



...AND DRAGGED TO THE PALACE DUNGEONS WHERE THEY ARE CRAMMED INTO CELLS SO SMALL THAT FOR THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS THEY SPEND THERE **BEFORE INTERROGATION**, NOT ONE OF THEM HAS ROOM TO LIE DOWN TO SLEEP!"



SINCE I AM A TYRANT, I NEED NO WARRANTS TO ARREST THE CURS. AND THERE ARE NO LAWS TO PREVENT ME FROM USING **MY SPECIAL MEANS OF INTERROGATION!** SO NATURALLY, THE GUILTY ONES CONFESS--AND THEIR LEADERS, **LIKE YOURSELF**, ARE IMMEDIATELY APPREHENDED AND PUT TO DEATH!



B-BUT **HOW** DO YOU INTERROGATE THEM? MY FELLOW-PLOTTERS WERE ALL STRONG MEN, FIRM IDEALISTS CAPABLE OF RESISTING TORTURE---

HOW...? IT IS SIMPLE! SO VERY SIMPLE, WE DEPRIVE THEM OF SLEEP!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

ONE BY ONE, AFTER THE THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE INTOLERABLY CROWDED CELL, THEY ARE DRAGGED TO THE INTERROGATION CHAMBER, WHERE THEY ARE SEATED ON A HIGH STOOL UNDER THE PITILESS GLARE OF AN UNSHADED BULB...



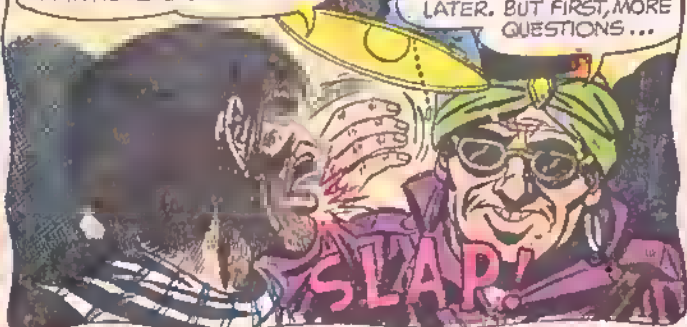
YOUR NAME?

ALI...(GASP)...
...FASSIN.

"HOUR AFTER HOUR, WE KEEP THEM THERE, QUESTIONING, QUESTIONING... ALWAYS QUESTIONING... NEVER LETTING THEM SLEEP!"

P-PLEASE--MY LEGS
...(SOB)... MY BACK! IF ONLY FOR
A MINUTE I COULD...

STAY AWAKE, MY
FRIEND! THERE WILL
BE TIME FOR SLEEP
LATER. BUT FIRST, MORE
QUESTIONS...



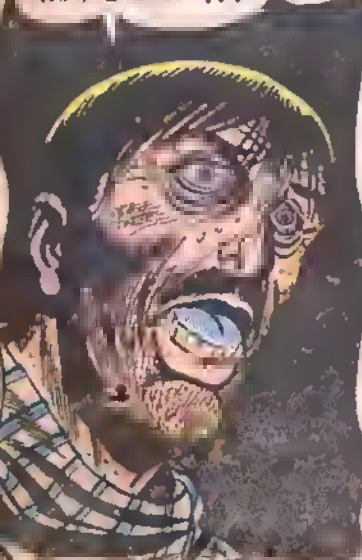
"OUR INTERROGATORS ARE ALWAYS FRESH. THEY ARE CONSTANTLY REPLACED. THEY KEEP QUESTIONING PATIENTLY ---ALWAYS HOLDING OUT THE SIMPLE REWARD OF SLEEP AS PAYMENT FOR THE DESIRED INFORMATION..."

I--I CAN'T SIT UP HERE ANY
MORE! I...(SOB)...
CAN'T!

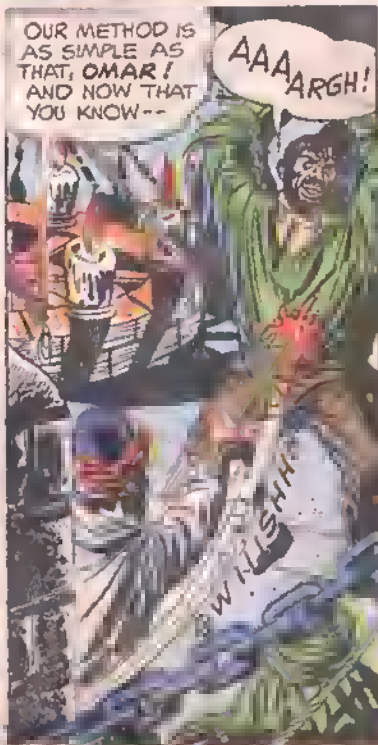
BUT ALI, WE WOULD BE ONLY
TOO HAPPY TO LET YOU LIE
DOWN...IF ONLY YOU WOULD
TELL US WHAT WE WANT
TO KNOW...



I--I'LL TELL YOU! I'LL...(SOB)...
...TELL YOU! NEXT TUESDAY...
A BOMB HIDDEN IN THE
TEMPLE BEHIND THE PILLAR
NEXT TO THE ALTAR! TH--THE
LEADER OF THE PLOT IS
OMAR! NOW...(SOB)...
MAY I SLEEP??



OUR METHOD IS
AS SIMPLE AS
THAT, OMAR!
AND NOW THAT
YOU KNOW--



THEY'RE ALL FOOLS! THEY CAN-
NOT HARM ME! UNLESS THERE
BE ONE AMONG THEM-- HEH-
HEH-HEH-- SMALLER THAN
THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB,
AND WITH WINGS FOR SWIFT-
NESS...!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

SO OMAR IS DEAD, BUT THE PEOPLE KEEP SQUIRMING RESTIVELY UNDER THE CRUEL TYRANT'S HEEL. AND, NOW A NEW PLOT IS BEING HATCHED...

I TELL YOU THIS PLAN IS FOOL-PROOF! THE TYRANT WILL DIE!

B-BUT WHAT IF ONE OF US IS PICKED UP BY THE SECRET POLICE? WHAT THEN...?



THAT IS THE CHANCE... WE WHO OPPOSE THE TYRANT... MUST TAKE!

WITH EACH PASSING DAY, THE EYES OF THE PLOTTERS GROW BRIGHTER!

EVERYTHING GOES SMOOTHLY. ONE OF OUR MEN WILL BE ASSIGNED TO THE TYRANT'S PERSONAL GUARD NEXT WEEK. HE WILL STRIKE ON THURSDAY!

BUT FATE IS CRUEL--AND A SHORT HALF-HOUR LATER--

WH-WHAT HAVE I DONE?

THAT IS WHAT WE AIM TO FIND OUT!



THEY WON'T GET A WORD OUT OF ME!... NOT A WORD!

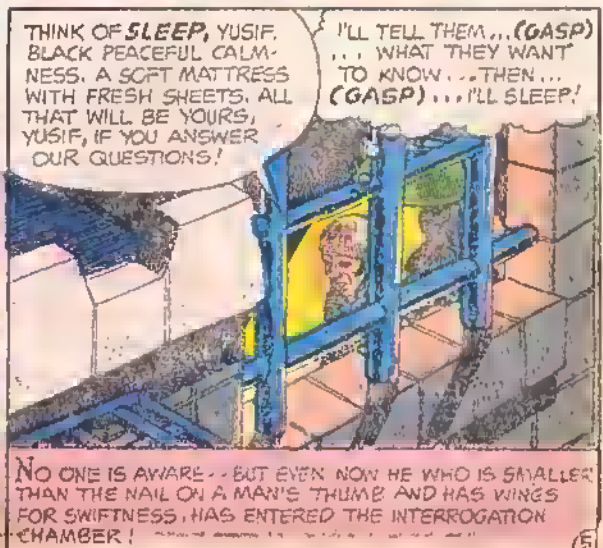
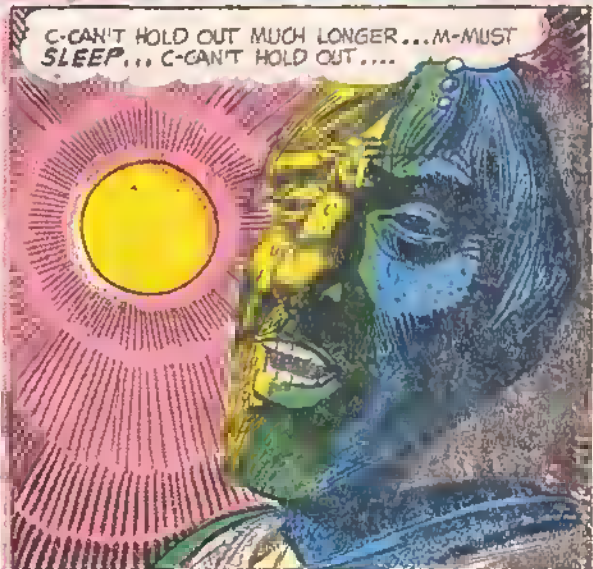
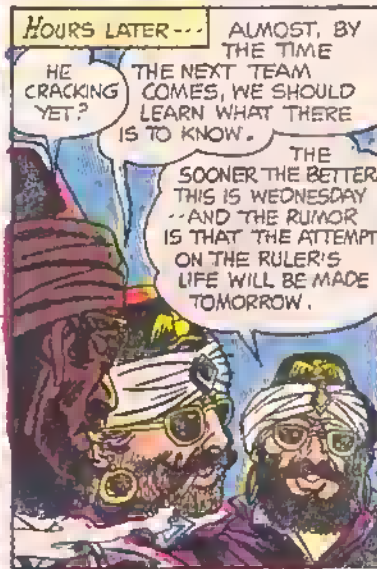


TH-THIS CELL... SO CROWDED... I CAN'T EVEN LIE DOWN! THREE DAYS... THREE NIGHTS... NO SLEEP!

YOU! TIME FOR YOUR INTERROGATION!



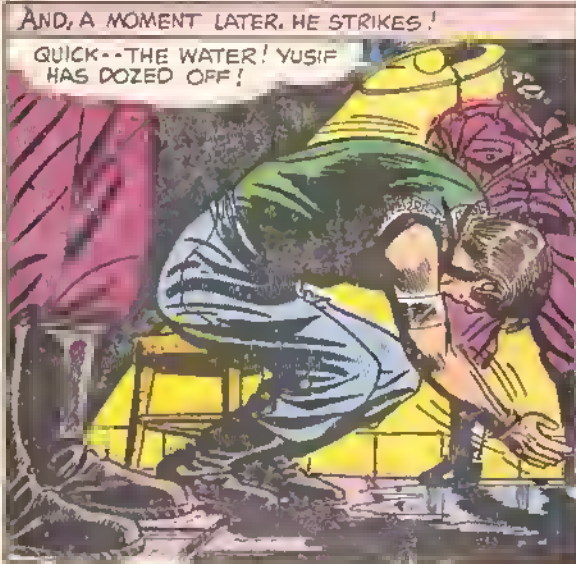
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

AND, A MOMENT LATER, HE STRIKES!

QUICK--THE WATER! YUSIF HAS DOZED OFF!



WE CAN'T AWAKEN HIM!

IS HE DEAD?



NO! B-BUT HE JUST WON'T WAKE UP! AND IT'S NOT JUST A FAINTING SPELL, EITHER!



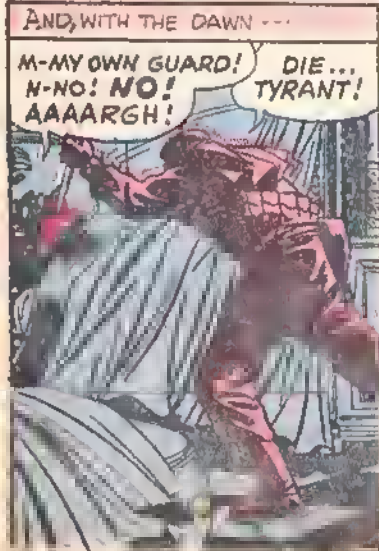
FOR MANY HOURS THE INTERROGATORS WORK FEVERISHLY OVER THE PLACIDLY SLEEPING YUSIF-- BUT TO NO AVAIL! AND, AT LAST, THURSDAY DAWNS...



AND, WITH THE DAWN ---

M-MY OWN GUARD!
N-NO! NO!
AAAARGH!

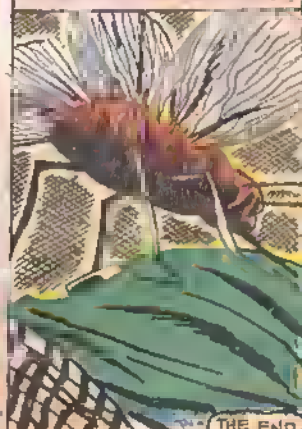
DIE...
TYRANT!



AND HE WHO IS SMALLER THAN THE NAIL ON A MAN'S THUMB AND HAS WINGS FOR SWIFTNESS, FLIES INDOLENTLY OVER THE DESPAIRING INTERROGATORS. HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT HE HAS STRUCK A MIGHTY BLOW FOR FREEDOM. HE WILL NEVER KNOW...



FOR HE IS ONLY A TSETSE FLY, WHOSE RANDOM BITE SAVED THE PLOTTERS BY INFECTING YUSIF WITH SLEEPING SICKNESS!



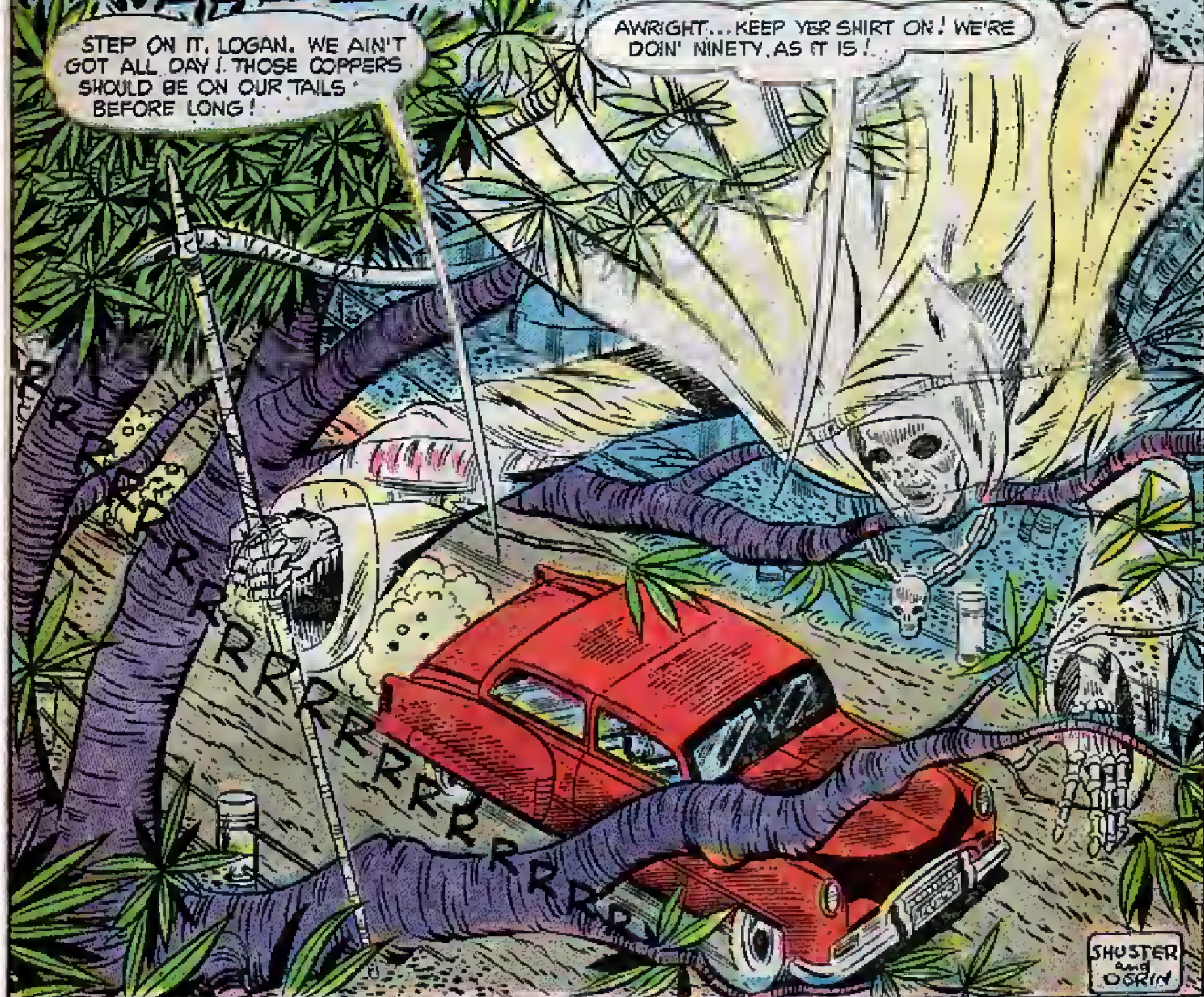
THE END.

THEY WERE COLD-BLOODED KILLERS ---AND THEY HAD PULLED OFF A SUCCESSFUL BANK JOB. BOTH WOULD BE MILLIONAIRES. BOTH WOULD HAVE EVERYTHING THEY WANTED ---EXCEPT THAT FATE STEPPED IN AND LET THEM KILL THEMSELVES, IN...

THE WELL OF FEAR!

STEP ON IT, LOGAN. WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY! THOSE COPPERS SHOULD BE ON OUR TAILS BEFORE LONG!

AWRIGHT... KEEP YER SHIRT ON! WE'RE DOIN' NINETY, AS IT IS!

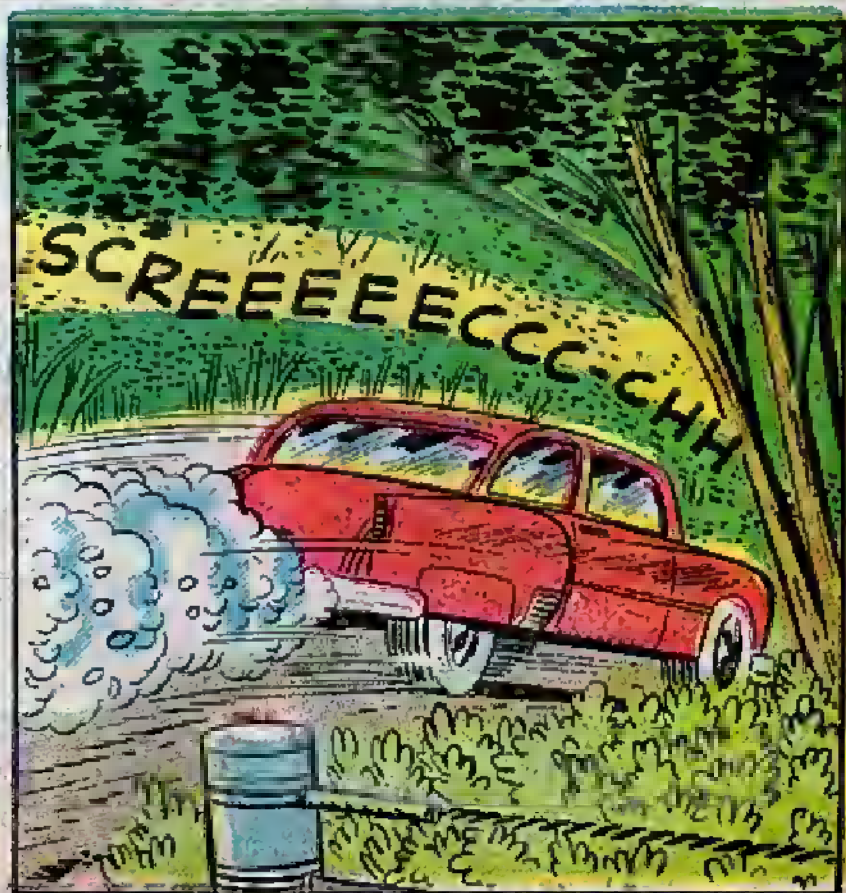


SHUSTER
and
GERIN

DUKE LOGAN AND NORM SELLIS WERE THE BEST BANK SPECIALISTS IN THE UNDERWORLD. THIS WAS THEIR LAST JOB ---A JOB WELL WORTH THE EFFORT. TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN CURRENCY HAD BEEN HEISTED FROM THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK. AND NOW THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY TO EASY STREET.

HEY! I THINK SOMEONE'S COMIN' DOWN THE BEND 'O' THE ROAD AFTER US! YEAH---! LOOKS LIKE THE BULLS!

HOLD ON. I'LL TRY AND GIVE 'EM THE SLIP. WE'RE ALMOST THERE, ANYWAY!



THE GETAWAY CAR TURNED SHARPLY AND HEADED UP A NARROW DIRT ROAD AT THE SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY, COMPLETELY COVERED BY DENSE WOODS. SECONDS LATER, THE TWO ROBBERS, FLED THE VEHICLE--CARRYING THEIR PARAPHENALIA WITH THEM...

AND SECONDS AFTERWARDS, AS THEY RAN ACROSS THE FIELD...

IT WAS AT THIS POINT THAT FATE DECIDED TO DEAL WITH THEM, FOR AS NORM'S FOOT DESCENDED ON A CERTAIN MOUND IN THE CENTER OF THE FIELD...

C'MON, LET'S LAM IT BEFORE THOSE SQUAD CARS GET HERE!

MAKE SURE YOU GOT EVERYTHING, DON'T LEAVE NO EVIDENCE LYIN' AROUND!

THERE'S THE CAR! GOOD THING WE PARKED IT HERE. WHEN THE BULLS FIND THE FIRST ONE, THEY'LL THINK WE TRIED MAKIN' IT OFF ON FOOT!

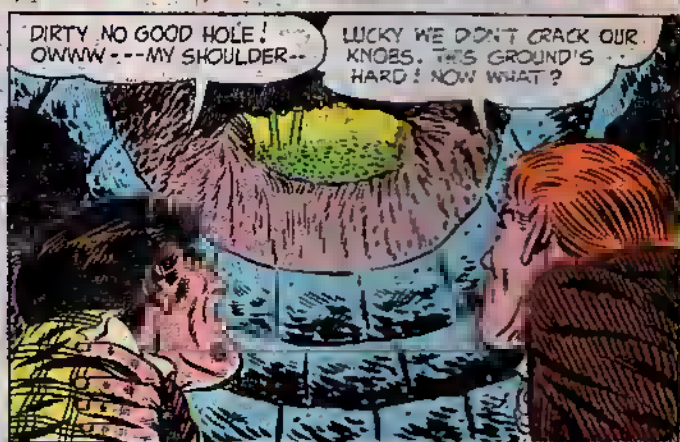
HA, HA... LOOKS LIKE WE PULLED A FAST ONE THIS TIME! THEY'RE PASSIN' RIGHT BY US!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



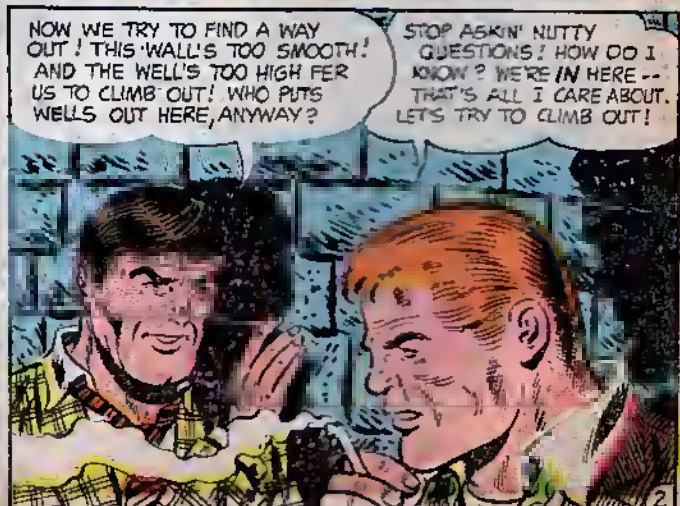
HEY!

UGH-HH!



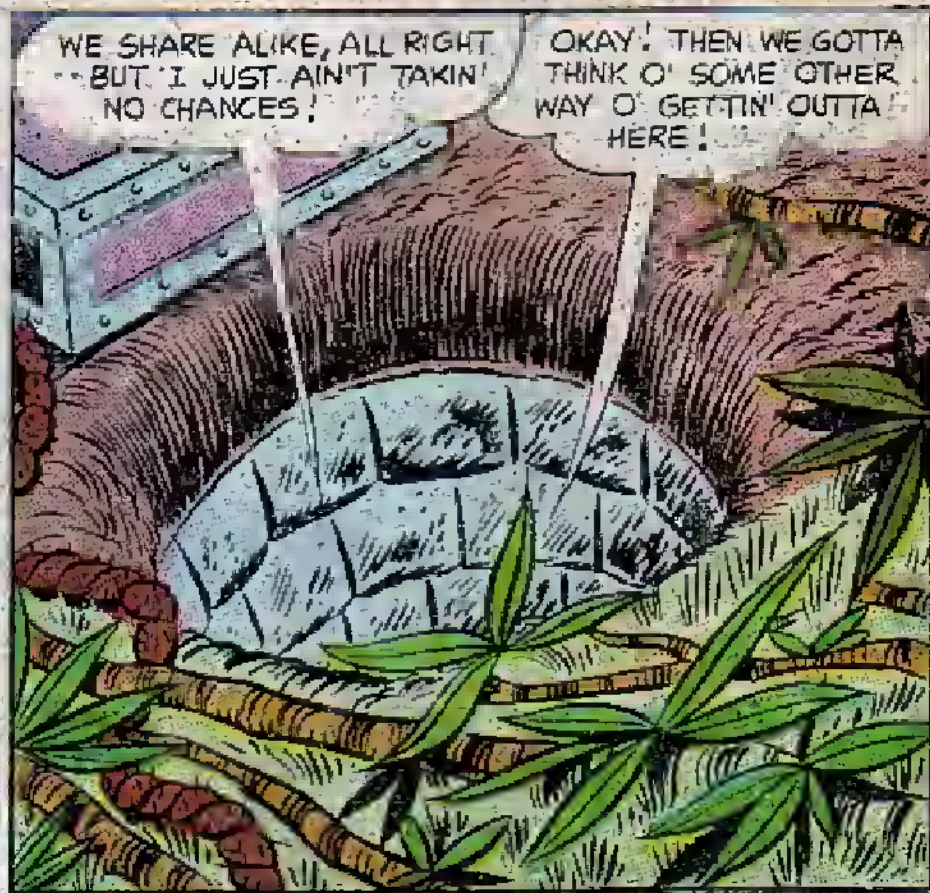
DIRTY NO GOOD HOLE! OWWW---MY SHOULDER--

LUCKY WE DON'T CRACK OUR KNOES. THE GROUND'S HARD! NOW WHAT?

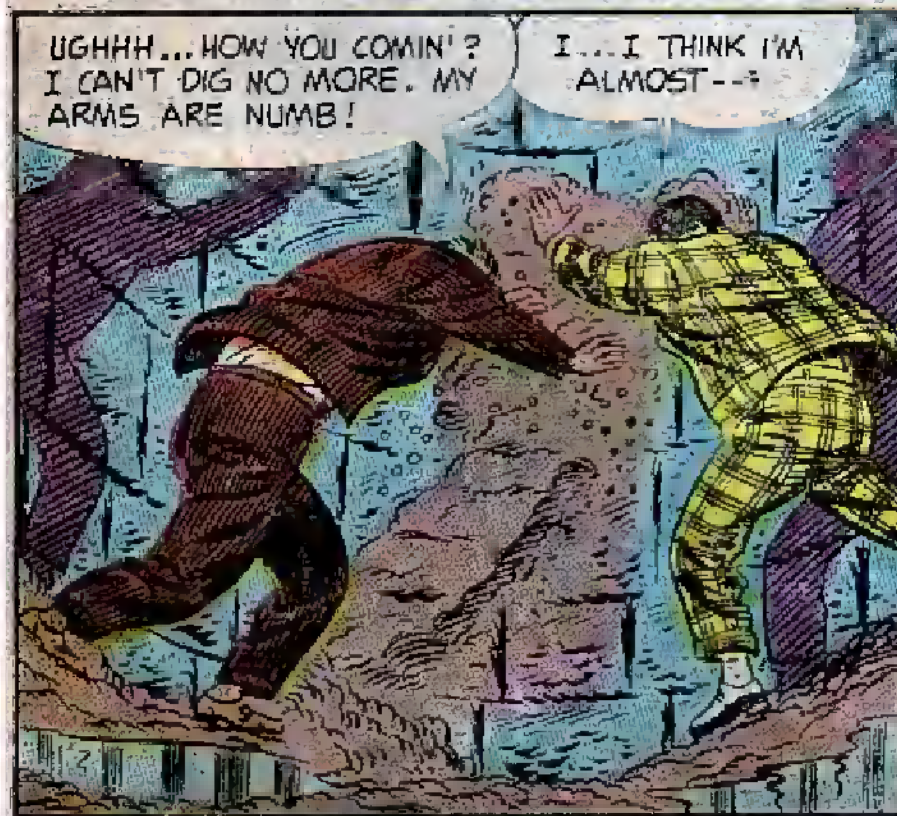


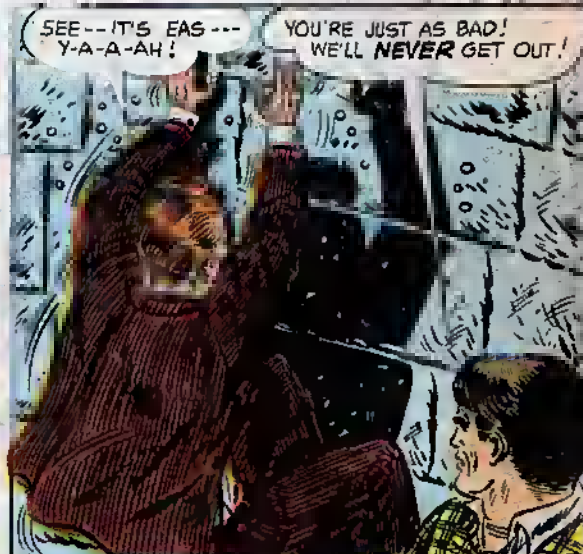
NOW WE TRY TO FIND A WAY OUT! THIS WALL'S TOO SMOOTH! AND THE WELL'S TOO HIGH FER US TO CLIMB OUT! WHO PUTS WELLS OUT HERE, ANYWAY?

STOP ASKIN' NUTTY QUESTIONS! HOW DO I KNOW? WE'RE IN HERE-- THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT. LET'S TRY TO CLIMB OUT!

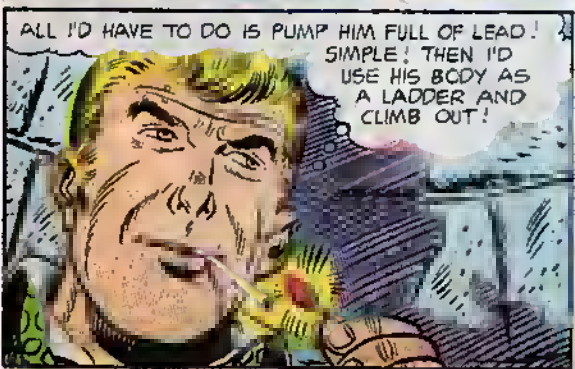
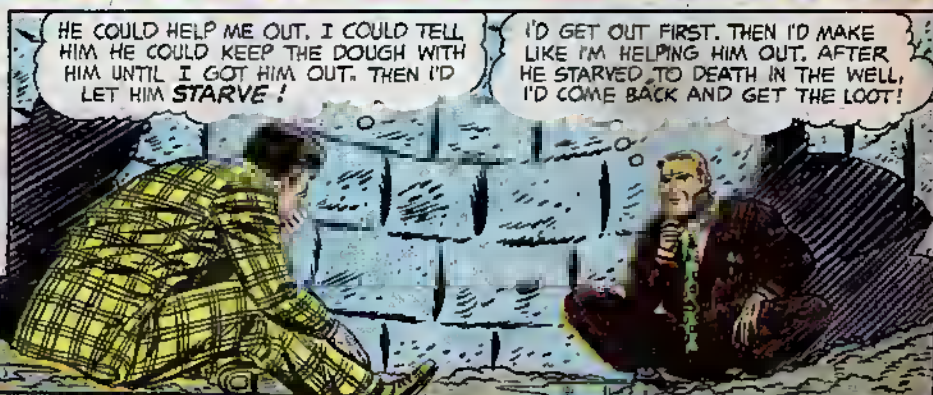


SO THE TWO MEN WORKED FURIOUSLY INTO THE BLACK OF NIGHT...WITH BUT ONE THOUGHT... **ESCAPE!**





MIDNIGHT CAME--
AND THE STARS
WINKED OUTSIDE,
COLD AND TEMPTING.
BUT INSIDE AN ICE-
COLD WELL WERE
TWO MEN WHO HAD
CHANGED INTO
BEASTS OF PREY
EYING EACH
OTHER...





NO. JUST REACHIN' FER
A CIGARETTE. THAT'S ALL!

I'LL PLUG HIM
WHEN HE CLOSES
HIS EYES...

I'LL GET HIM WHEN HE
FALLS ASLEEP...

BUT THE TWO HOODS **DIDN'T** SLEEP!...



HE'S NOT GONNA GET ME
WHILE I GRAB MY SHUT-EYE.
I'LL JUST KEEP MY EYE
ON HIM!

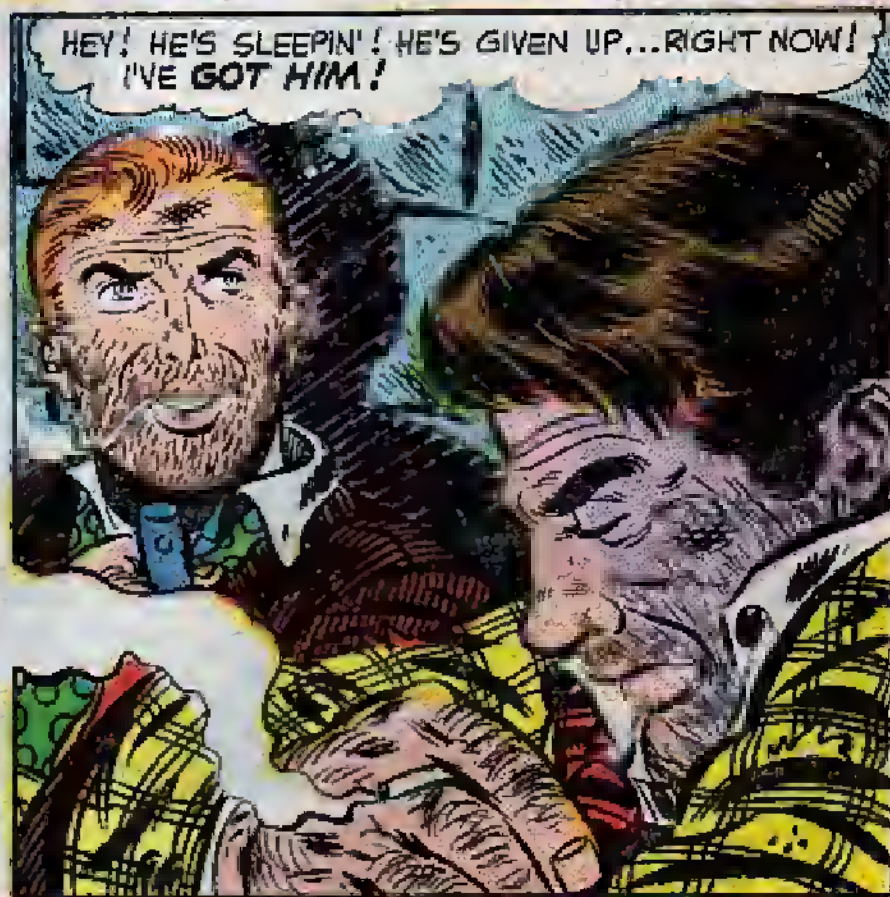
I'LL WAIT 'TILL HE
FALLS ASLEEP
FIRST. THEN I'LL
DO IT!

DAYS WENT BY---AND STILL NO ESCAPE--FOR EACH
MAN FELL ASLEEP DURING THE SAME TIME. FATE
WATCHED, RELENTLESS--WAITING --WAITING...



I'M STARVING! WATER! ANY-
THING! I CAN EAT A HORSE!

SHADDAP! DON'T
TALK ABOUT FOOD!
I CAN'T STAND TO
HEAR IT!



HEY! HE'S SLEEPIN'! HE'S GIVEN UP...RIGHT NOW!
I'VE GOT HIM!

STEALTHILY, TAKING OUT A SWITCH-KNIFE, SELLIS
CRAWLED OVER TO THE SLEEPING MAN. MUSCLES
TENSE. HEART POUNDING, MOUTH WATERING WITH
EAGERNESS...

I'LL CUT HIM UP AND EAT HIM! NO
USE TRYIN' TO SHOUT! NOBODY'S AROUND HERE,
ANYWAY! I'LL EAT HIM AND USE HIS **BONES**
TO CLIMB OUT!



BUT AS THE EMACIATED SHADOW OF THE HOOD FELL ON
THE SLEEPING MAN...



THOUGHT YOU HAD ME, EH?
THOUGHT I WAS GONNA BE AN
EASY KILL? WELL--NOW I
GOT YOU!

UGH--HHH!

THE TWO ANIMALS ROLLED AROUND AND AROUND THE WELL, IN A STRUGGLE TO THE DEATH. WHO WOULD TAKE THE MONEY THAT NOW LAY SCATTERED ABOUT SO IRONICALLY?



SUDDENLY---**DEATH** STRUCK!



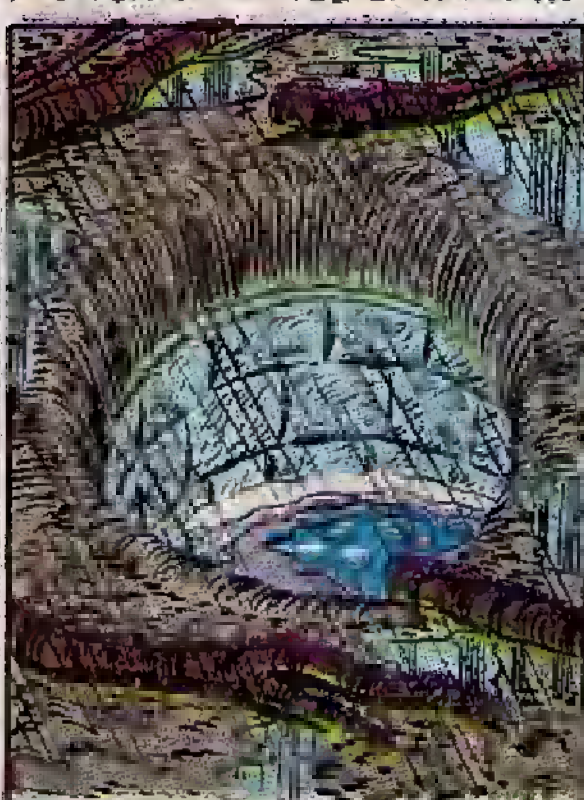
THEIR BODIES STIFFENED IN RIGOR MORTIS. BACTERIA FROM THE AIR AND SOIL BEGAN TO EAT THEM AWAY. THEIR BONES SLOWLY APPEARED IN THE FABRIC OF THEIR PUTRIFYING FLESH...



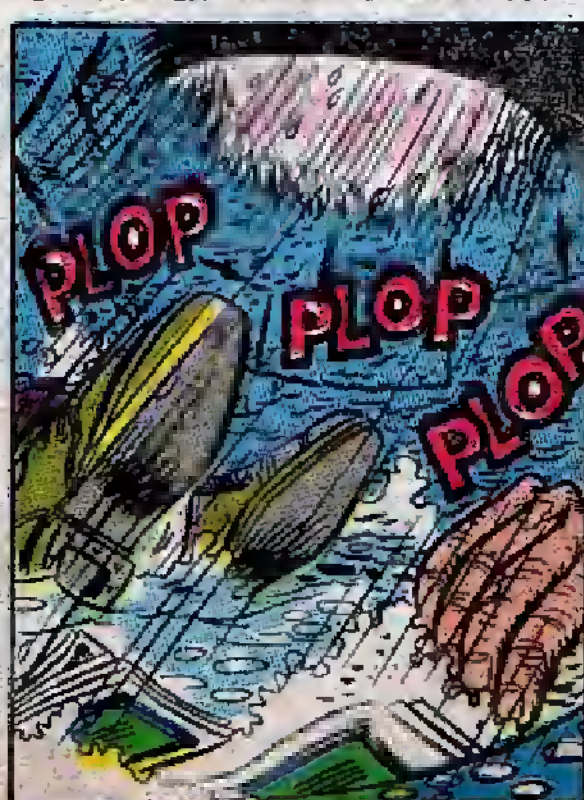
ONE DAY AFTERWARDS--HIGH UP IN THE HEAVENS---A BLACK CLOUD APPEARED. MOMENTS LATER, A RUMBLING INCREASED TO A FURIOUS ROAR. INTERRUPTED BY BURSTS OF THUNDERBOLTS AND FLASHES OF LIGHTNING--



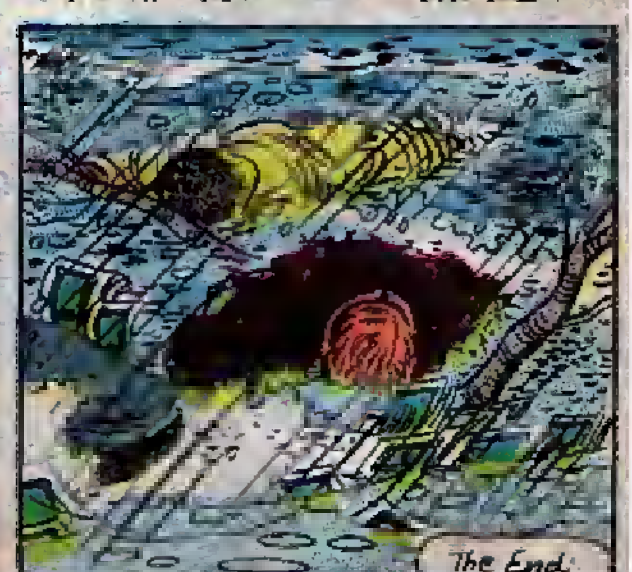
THE RAIN POURED INTO THE WELL AND FORMED A POOL OF WATER...



THE WATER ROSE TOWARDS THE TOP. HIGHER--HIGHER..HIGHER...



THEN--AMIDST THE THUNDERING AND THE FLASHING--CAME THE TWO BODIES--NOW LONG DEAD--FLOATING UP AND OVER THE WELL...FLOATING RIGHT INTO THE FIELD--ESCAPED AT LAST! ESCAPED TOO EASILY--BUT ESCAPED TOO LATE, FROM THE WELL OF FEAR THAT HAD IMPRISONED THEM THROUGH THEIR--**GREED!**



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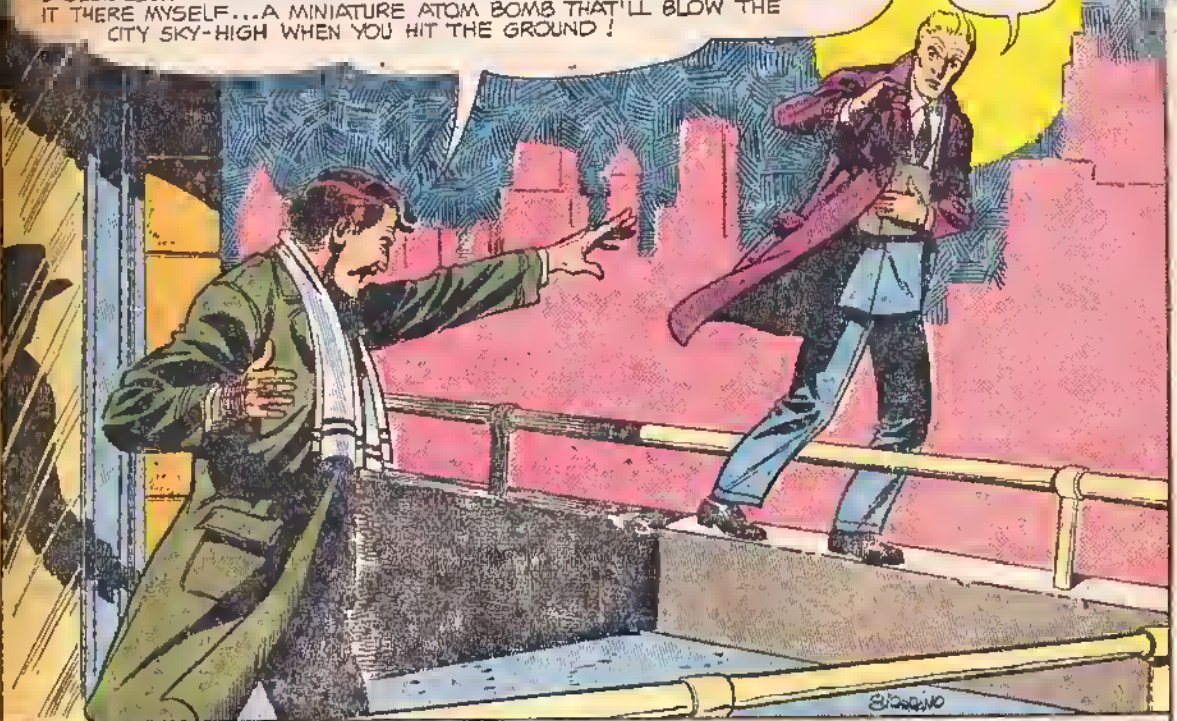
DEAR READERS... THANKS FOR YOUR HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS TO HELP END OUR 4-PAGE QUIZ, **SURPRISE PACKAGE**, WHICH APPEARED IN A RECENT ISSUE OF "STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES." THE ONE WE SELECTED AS BEST WAS SENT IN BY MARY LOU WACHTEL, 1/2 OSGOOD, HEREFORD, TEXAS. THE \$10 PRIZE IS ON ITS WAY TO YOU, MARY LOU!

MARY LOU WACHTEL'S
SOLUTION TO...

SURPRISE PACKAGE

C-COME BACK, MISTER... **SUICIDE** ISN'T THE ANSWER TO YOUR PROBLEMS!
B-BESIDES... THERE'S A DEADLY PACKAGE IN YOUR COAT POCKET! I PUT
IT THERE MYSELF... A MINIATURE ATOM BOMB THAT'LL BLOW THE
CITY SKY-HIGH WHEN YOU HIT THE GROUND!

HUH?

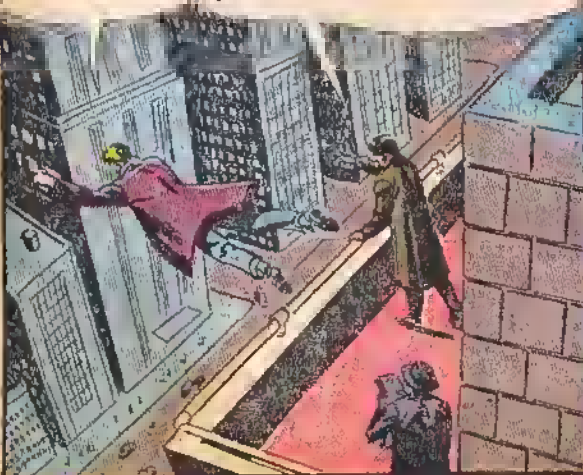


CRISTAV PERRIN HAS STOLEN A DEADLY MINIATURE A-BOMB WHICH IS POWERFUL ENOUGH TO BLOW THE CITY TO SMITHEREENS. PURSUED BY POLICE, HE HIDES THE PACKAGE IN A STRANGER'S COAT IN ORDER TO ESCAPE DETECTION. THEN HE FOLLOWS THE STRANGER TO THE OBSERVATION TOWER OF A SKYSCRAPER, ARRIVING IN TIME TO SEE THE MAN PLUNGE DOWNWARDS, WITH THE LETHAL SURPRISE PACKAGE!

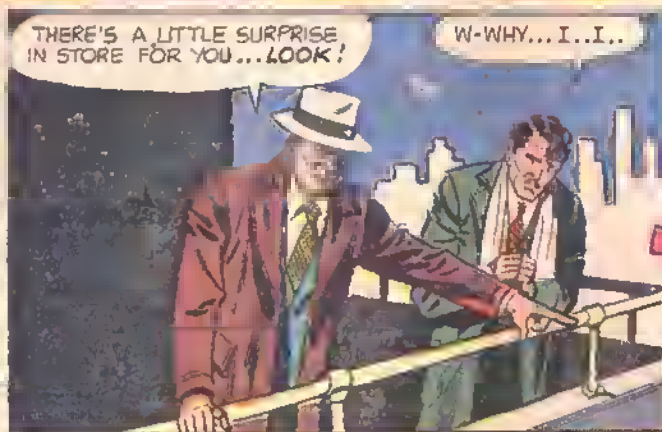
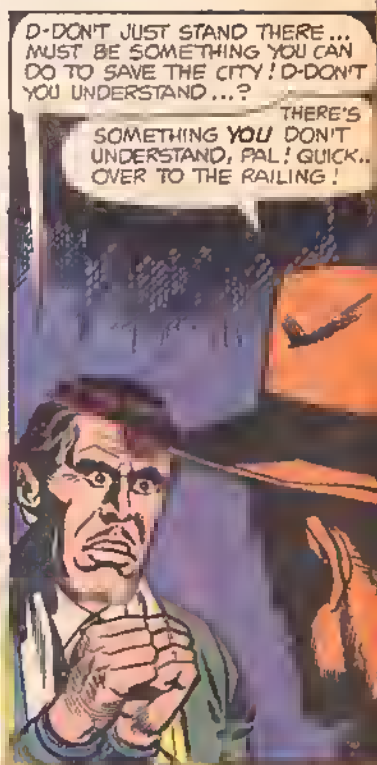
SORRY, FELLER...
MY MIND'S MADE
UP! THIS IS THE
ANSWER TO ALL
MY PROBLEMS...

N-NO... **DON'T!** I'M SERIOUS
ABOUT THAT BOMB... I OUGHT
TO KNOW ABOUT IT BECAUSE I
STOLE IT! C-COME BACK
BEFORE YOU DESTROY US ALL!

G-GOOD GOD... HE **JUMPED!** WE'RE ALL
DOOMED... THAT BOMB WILL OBLITERATE
THE WHOLE CITY WHEN HE SMASHES INTO
THE SIDEWALK!

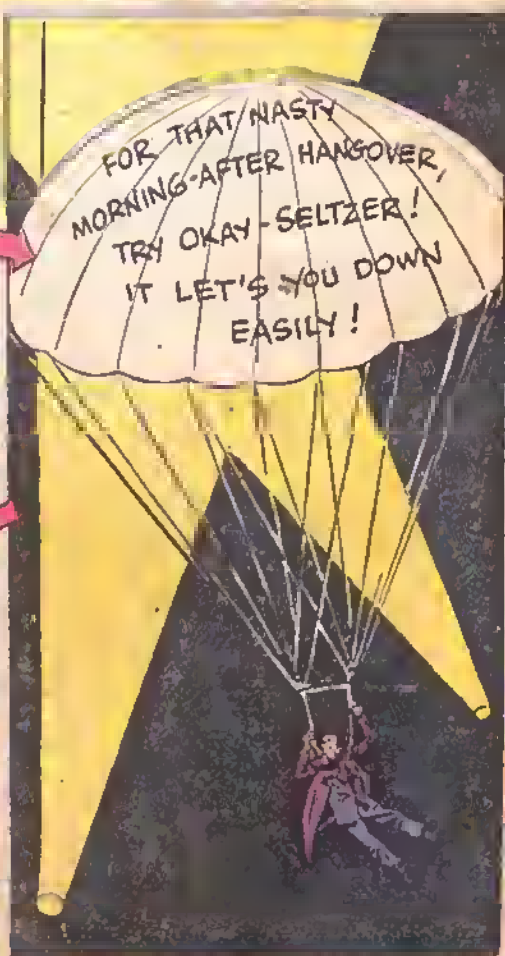


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



P POOR BEFUDDLED GUSTAV PERRIN WAS LED TREMBLING FROM THE OBSERVATION TOWER.

A THOUSAND FEET BELOW, IN THE STREET...



SAM THE SEER



The halls of the Federal Building were crowded with reporters and photographers. And the air was filled with cigar and cigarette smoke. Joe Peterson of the Herald-News was talking to one of his fellow reporters.

"Sam has been in there for more than two hours. I know he will talk. That's what he told me he would do last week. But they won't believe him. Yet, what can they do? Either Sam is the world's greatest liar or he is a miracle man. Go take your choice. He says he can look into the future. Now tell me boys, has he ever made a wrong prediction?"

Seated before the members of the Special Grand Jury was a stout middle-aged man. He was completely bald, and his face was full. Maybe he had a neck, but it wasn't visible. In his youth, Sam Snittleman had been a wrestler. There was something about him that was peculiar, but you just couldn't put your finger on it. Special Prosecutor Wilbert K. Reynolds was talking to the star witness.

"Every time a raid was arranged on any of your gambling establishments, you seemed to have wind about it. Did you bribe any of our men?"

"No," replied Sam Snittleman. "I don't have to bribe anybody to know what is going to happen. I just peep into the future. You want me to tell you something? You and Captain Henderson are planning a raid on my Jefferson Street joint next Wednesday night at 11:30. Don't waste your time and pull the raid. You won't find any evidence in that place."

There was a deadly silence in that room as those words were spoken. One look at the red face of the prosecutor, and you could see the witness had spoken the truth. The Honorable Frank Deloney, chairman of the grand jury, arose from his seat.

"Mr. Snittleman," he began, "we have all heard about your so-called ability to foresee the future. Assuming for the moment that such a gift were possible, just why were you chosen to have it?"

The witness looked at the members of the Grand Jury and then sighed. They too, like the others, would refuse to believe him.

"I have told the story hundreds of times," he began. "You must have read it in the papers. I was driving my car more than a hundred miles an hour. It cracked up, and I was thrown out of it. Not a scratch on me. But from that moment on something happened to me. I became a seer, I could peep into the future. So I used my ability to gamble on all events from horse racing to even the stock market. But I like sports, so my money goes on boxing events, baseball and basketball games. I don't have to fix a race. I know what is going to happen. You fellows think I run a lot of gambling places. How can they be gambling places if I can't lose a cent? I haven't cheated my Uncle Sam. Last year I paid income taxes on thirty-million dollars. All income was listed as gains on investments."

The chairman wasn't satisfied with that answer. And then Sam Snittleman smiled. He had something more to say.

"You know why this jury was called? Just to scare my boys into thinking I would talk. But you are all wrong. None of my boys are crooks. They are all nice college boys who work for me. But the rats think I have something on them. Slim Rono is head of the Mid-Western Syndicate. They handle dope. He thinks I know all about him and will talk. So when I leave this place I will be killed. A burst of machine gun fire will finish me and turn me into a corpse. But don't worry. I'll come back and finish off Slim and his gang."

This was too much for the respectable edu-

Strange SUSPENSE STORIES

cated members of the grand jury to take. And the prosecutor could sense the futility of continuing with the witness.

"The session is over, Mr. Snittleman—unless you have anything more to say."

"Just one more thing to say," snapped back the witness. "Don't walk outside the building down Main Street next to me. Otherwise you too will be killed."

The photographers finished taking their pictures. Sam Snittleman didn't mind posing for them.

"Don't take a left side view of my mug," he would tell them. "Doesn't flatter me at all."

He left the building and walked down Main Street. A black sedan started to pull away from the curb. Suddenly Sam Snittleman saw a familiar figure next to him.

"Get away from here," he shouted to the prosecutor. "They are gunning for me."

Too late was that warning uttered. A machine gun blast mowed down the intended victim and the innocent bystander. Women shouted and screamed as the blast of bullets cut loose from that deadly gun. But not one had enough sense to get the number of the license plate on that black sedan.

Captain Donald Henderson of Homicide was a very puzzled man. He had just come from a conference with the federal authorities to work out a plan of cooperation. Nothing was to be spared to get those killers. And now this unexpected visitor was in his office.

"You said you would help us catch the killers and round up the entire mob. But only on your terms. What do you mean by that, Mr. Vision. There is something familiar about you, but I just can't place it. Perhaps with that beard off your face I might recognize you."

"I want to be present with you when you go out on your roids. The four men in that killer car are at present in a cottage on the Sound. They went there for a rest. You can pick them up this evening."

Mike Marlins wasn't a very contented killer as he sat in an easy chair and talked to the other three members of his own gang.

"There's something crazy going on," was his comment. "The radio just announced that a stranger went to the police with information about the car. And they just broadcasted a complete description of each of us. They knew the car was stolen and found it in the old warehouse. I wonder if Slim Rono is handing us a double cross?"

Mike Marlins never had a chance to get an answer to that question. A loudspeaker outside blasted forth its message.

"Come out with your hands up, or we'll come in and get you. You have two minutes to make up your mind."

Two of the killers immediately started shooting with their guns. But a couple of tear gas bombs quickly subdued them. Mr. Vision spoke to Captain Henderson.

"If Mike Marlins thinks that Slim Rono doubled crossed him then he will confess. Take him down to headquarters and play that line. Then I'll tell you where Rono and his boys are located."

With two of his killers out of commission permanently, the one-time boss of the liquidation mob decided to turn state's evidence. He made a complete confession in detail.

"Sure, Slim Rono hired me to kill that crazy guy who is supposed to look into the future. If he was smart, why didn't he figure out he was going to be killed?"

"He did," replied the police officer. "But for some strange reason he walked into death. Maybe it was inevitable. Who knows? Maybe he was trying to save the late Frank Delaney."

Slim Rono was taking a sun bath on his porch, when one of the boys told him the news.

"The federals and the state boys are blocking off every highway from here."

And then the secretary of the dope king came in with a terrible message.

"Two airplanes will fly overhead. If we try to resist, they will bomb us. I guess we better give up, boss."

The entire mob surrendered and went to trial on various charges. Slim Rono was given the death penalty and died a very bewildered man. Mr. Vision went to see Captain Henderson.

"You aren't Mr. Vision at all," realized the police officer. "You are Sam Snittleman. Either you never were killed or else..."

"I returned from the dead," finished the man. "And I am going back to the land of the dead. All my millions will be used to establish a health foundation to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of my sister."

And, with those words, he just vanished into space. As the puzzled police officer was trying to collect his wits, Joe Peterson of the Herald-News rushed into the office.

"Know what? They just probated the will of Sam Snittleman. Guess what he did with all his dough."

And an opened-mouthed reporter couldn't believe his ears as he heard the reply from the mouth of the police officer.

"He left all his millions to rehabilitate dope fiends in memory of his sister."

The End

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

CAN A MAN LOVE MORE THAN LIFE ITSELF? PETER NORTH DID, ONLY TO REALIZE THAT ALL HIS EFFORTS WERE IN VAIN. FOR THE EVIL THAT LAY WITHIN HIM DROVE HIM TOWARDS THE DAY WHERE HE WOULD SAY...

THIS BITE IS SWEET!

NO! DON'T COME NEAR ME!
PLEASE---AIEEEEE!!

SCREAMING WILL NOT HELP YOU,
MY DEAR. BUT YOU NEED NOT BE
TERRIFIED! IT WILL HURT---
BUT A MOMENT!



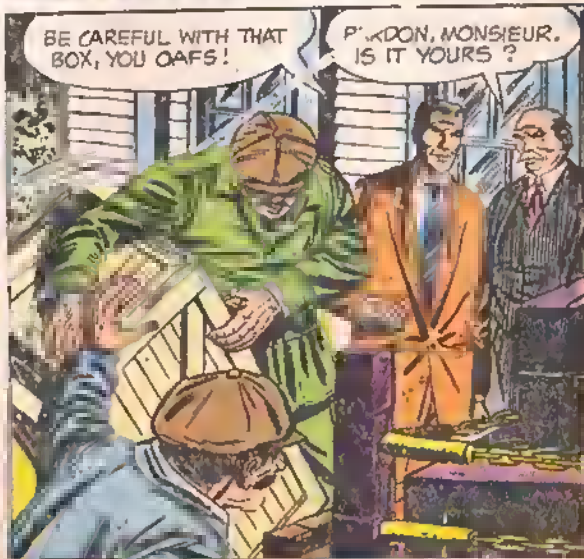
MY NAME IS PETER NORTH. I AM A WRITER OF SOME RENOWN ---AND A TRAVELER OF INCESSANT CURIOSITY. LET ME TELL YOU HOW IT ALL BEGAN. I FIRST ARRIVED AT MORREL IN THE PYRENEES DURING THE SUMMER. THE MAYOR GREETED ME...

WELCOME MONSIEUR NORTH. I'M SURE I WILL, MONSIEUR LE MAYOR!
I HOPE YOU WILL FIND YOUR STAY AT OUR VILLAGE A PLEASANT ONE!



BE CAREFUL WITH THAT BOX, YOU OAFS!

PARDON, MONSIEUR. IS IT YOURS?



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



MORREL GREETED ME WITH OPEN ARMS! IT WASN'T OFTEN THAT A FAMOUS WRITER CAME TO VISIT THEM, BUT MY PURPOSE WAS NOT FOR A REST. I HAD TOLD THE MAYOR ONLY **HALF** THE TRUTH. THAT NIGHT, AT MY INN, I MET THE VILLAGERS...



WE WALKED ALONG TOGETHER FOR QUITE A WHILE UNTIL WE CAME TO THE FOREST. THE FULL MOON HAD REACHED ITS PEAK. I STOPPED...

I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. YOUNG PAUL WAS TOO TEMPTING. A MORSEL TO IGNORE!

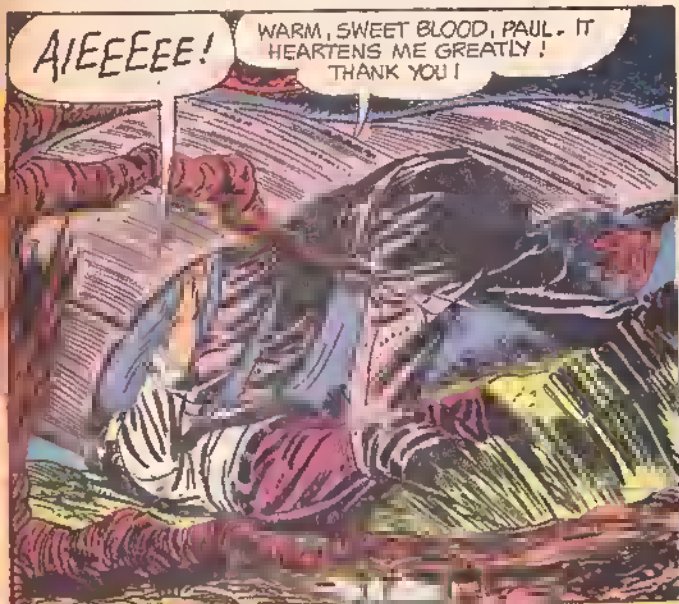


STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

HE TRIED TO STRUGGLE, TO POUND HIS IRON-LIKE FIST AT ME, BUT OF COURSE, I WAS MUCH STRONGER, IT ISN'T EASY FOR ANY MORTAL TO BEST A---VAMPIRE!

AIEEEEE!

WARM, SWEET BLOOD, PAUL. IT HEARTENS ME GREATLY! THANK YOU!



THE BOX WAS MY COFFIN, YOU SEE. SO MY STORY TO THE MAYOR HAD NOT BEEN A LIE! I COLLECTED BLOOD! THAT NEXT AFTER NOON, I MET THE EXCITED MAYOR IN THE SALON OF THE INN...

PAUL HAS BEEN HORRIBLY KILLED, MONSIEUR NORTH. YOU WERE WITH HIM LAST! CAN YOU TELL ME THE CIRCUMSTANCES?

INDEED NOT, SIR! I LEFT HIM IMMEDIATELY. HOW COULD SUCH A YOUNG GIANT HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED AND KILLED?



THAT IS WHAT PUZZLES ME ALSO, AND THAT IS WHY YOU HAVE BEEN FREED OF GUILT. NO ONE OF YOUR SLENDER BUILD COULD HAVE KILLED HIM. OH--- I WANT YOU TO MEET MY DAUGHTER, MONIQUE.

CHARMED!



I KNEW... PAUL... VERY WELL. HIS NECK WAS--- UGH... I CANNOT TALK ABOUT IT!

PLEASE DON'T CRY MY DEAR. A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU NEEDS PLENTY OF LAUGHTER AND GAIETY!

AND DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS, I SAW TO IT THAT MONIQUE AND I DID EXACTLY THAT!



CONTRARY TO POPULAR BELIEF, VAMPIRES ARE LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE, THAT IS, THEY CAN GO OUT DURING THE DAYTIME. BUT OF COURSE, THEY DO HAVE ABNORMAL APPETITES. AND MINE WAS GROWING AGAIN...

PARDON ME, OLD MAN. CAN YOU TELL ME THE ROAD TO MORREL? I SEEM TO BE LOST!

IT IS NOT FAR FROM HERE, I WILL TELL YOU!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

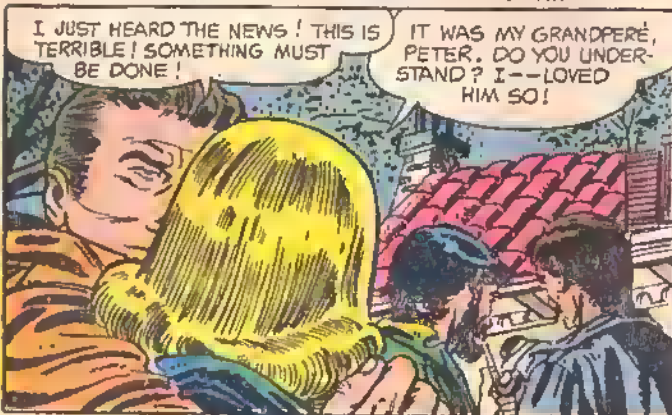
NATURALLY, IT WAS ALL A RUSE. ACTUALLY ALL I WANTED WAS ANOTHER MEAL...



YOU GO THREE KILOMETERS TOWARDS RUE CAMPLAIN, AND THEN...YOU...YOU...

YES? GO ON. SOMETHING WRONG, OLD MAN?

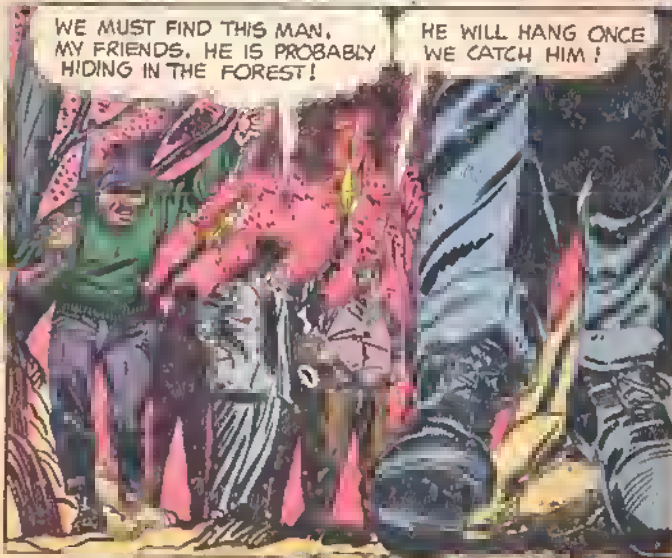
THE TASTE OF HIS BLOOD FILLED ME WITH ECSTASY SUPREME! I WENT HOME, MY JOY BUBBLING OVER! THAT NEXT MORNING, OVER THE BREAKFAST TABLE...



I JUST HEARD THE NEWS! THIS IS TERRIBLE! SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

IT WAS MY GRANDPÈRE, PETER. DO YOU UNDERSTAND? I--LOVED HIM SO!

NEVERTHELESS, I HAD TO KEEP UP A PRETENSE. I ORGANIZED A SEARCH TO CAPTURE THE MURDERER OF THOSE INNOCENTS. AND THE SIMPLE VILLAGERS FELL FOR MY PLAN COMPLETELY...



WE MUST FIND THIS MAN, MY FRIENDS. HE IS PROBABLY HIDING IN THE FOREST!

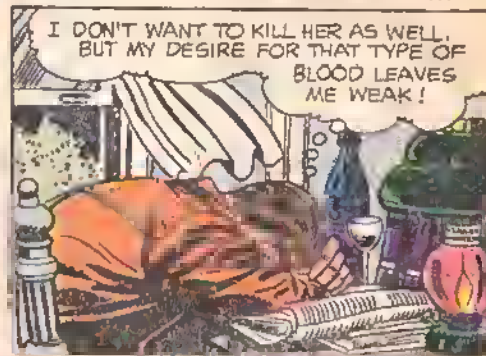
HE WILL HANG ONCE WE CATCH HIM!



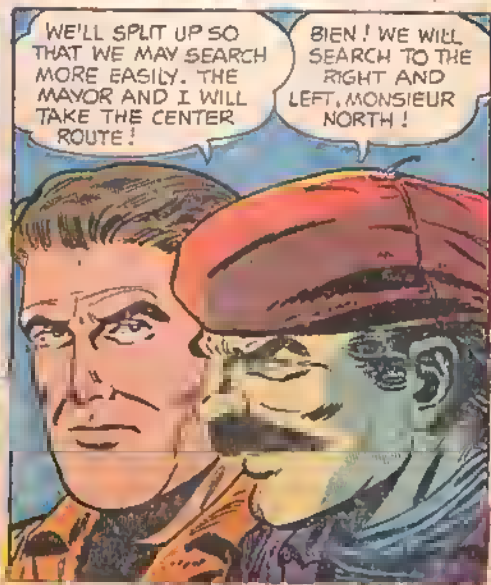
MONSIEUR! YOUR HANDS! Y-A-A-A-A-A!

HA, HA, HA...

I MANAGED TO EXCUSE MYSELF AND WENT TO MY ROOM. THERE, STUNNED AND DAZED, I COULDN'T ADMIT TO MYSELF THE MISTAKE I HAD MADE! BUT THE FACTS WERE NOT TO BE DENIED. THAT DELICIOUS BLOOD RAN IN HER FAMILY. AND I LOVED MONIQUE...



I DON'T WANT TO KILL HER AS WELL, BUT MY DESIRE FOR THAT TYPE OF BLOOD LEAVES ME WEAK!



WE'LL SPLIT UP SO THAT WE MAY SEARCH MORE EASILY. THE MAYOR AND I WILL TAKE THE CENTER ROUTE!

BIEN! WE WILL SEARCH TO THE RIGHT AND LEFT, MONSIEUR NORTH!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

MOMENTS LATER...

LOOK THERE, MONSIEUR LE MAYOR! QUICKLY!

EH? WHERE?

I'M AFRAID YOU MISSED HIM! HE WAS A LITTLE TOO FAST FOR YOU!

NONSENSE! I THINK I SEE SOMETHING...

IT IS ONLY YOUR IMAGINATION, MAYOR. TURN AROUND AND YOU SHALL **REALLY** SEE HIM! HA, HA!

AIIIIIEEEEE!

I ATTENDED TO MY BUSINESS QUICKLY. THEN, WITHOUT WASTING TIME, I SLASHED MY FACE WITH MY OWN CLAWS, TORE MY CLOTHES SUFFICIENTLY--AND RAN BACK TOWARDS THE WILDERNESS!

HELP! HELP! THE MAYOR HAS BEEN KILLED BY A VAMPIRE! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES! I BARELY ESCAPED DEATH MYSELF! HURRY!

IT IS MONSIEUR NORTH! SACRE BLEU! WE MUST FIND THE CREATURE!

SO THAT VERY NEXT NIGHT, I STALKED A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE VILLAGE--TO BLOT OUT THE TEMPTATION OF KILLING MONIQUE...

THEY DIDN'T FIND THE VAMPIRE, OF COURSE. AND AFTERWARDS, IN MY ROOM, I SHOULD HAVE BEEN HAPPY OVER MY RUSE. BUT I WASN'T! MONIQUE NOW WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT WITH THAT PRECIOUS, DELICIOUS BLOOD. AND SHE MEANT MORE TO ME THAN LIFE ITSELF!

NO! I'D RATHER KILL MYSELF FIRST! I'LL FIND ANOTHER VICTIM! THAT'S IT!

EEEEEEEE!

DON'T BE ALARMED, MY CHILD. IT WILL HURT, BUT A MOMENT!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

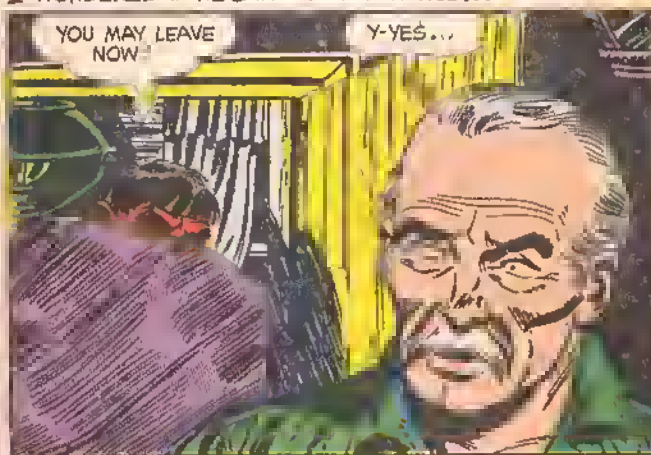
BUT MY BURNING THIRST FOR MONIQUE'S BLOOD STILL CONTINUED UNABATED! THEN ONE NIGHT, WHILE STILL IN MY VAMPIRE'S FORM IN MY ROOM, ONE OF THE INN'S PORTERS OPENED THE DOOR, CATCHING ME BY SURPRISE...



WHAT IS IT, YOU WANT?

BEG PARDON, MONSIEUR. BUT MONIQUE IS DOWNSTAIRS! SHE GAVE ME THIS NOTE!

I WONDERED IF HE SAW MY APPEARANCE...



YOU MAY LEAVE NOW!

Y-YES...

I SAW THE FRIGHT IN THE MAN'S EYES. HE HAD SEEN ME AFTER ALL. I THOUGHT OF MONIQUE---OF OUR LOVE. I OPENED HER NOTE TO READ...



"DARLING--TAKE ME AWAY FROM MORREL, I LOVE YOU. WE CAN BE MARRIED AND TOGETHER FOREVER. I WAIT FOR YOUR ANSWER, MONIQUE!"

SWEET MONIQUE! I SHALL NEVER HARM YOU!

SUDDENLY--I KNEW WHAT TO DO! ALREADY, THE MAN WOULD BE SUMMONING HIS FELLOWS. MONIQUE WAITED DOWN BELOW. I OPENED THE WINDOW INSTANTLY...

I EXERTED EVERY OUNCE OF WILL-POWER TO HYPNOTIZE HER. FOR MONIQUE WOULD NEVER DO THIS OF HER OWN FREE-WILL. I HEARD THE DOOR OPEN...



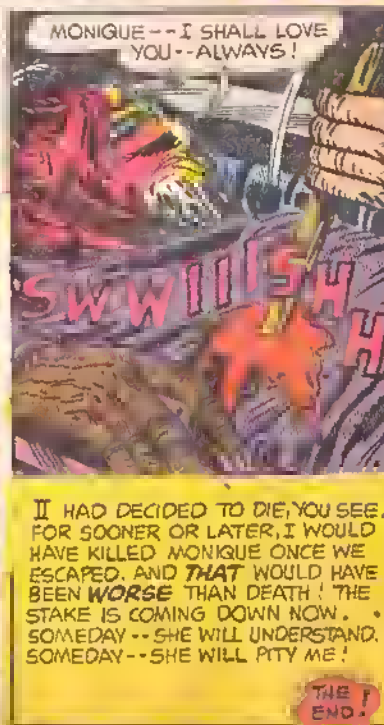
I'VE CAUGHT THE VAMPIRE, MONIQUE. COME UP HERE QUICKLY! TAKE A LARGE WOODEN STAKE FROM THE STOVE AND DRIVE IT INTO THE CREATURE THAT LIES INSIDE THE COFFIN!

Y-YES...



COME QUICKLY, MONIQUE! YOU MUST PLUNGE IT DOWN AS HARD AS YOU CAN!

YES...



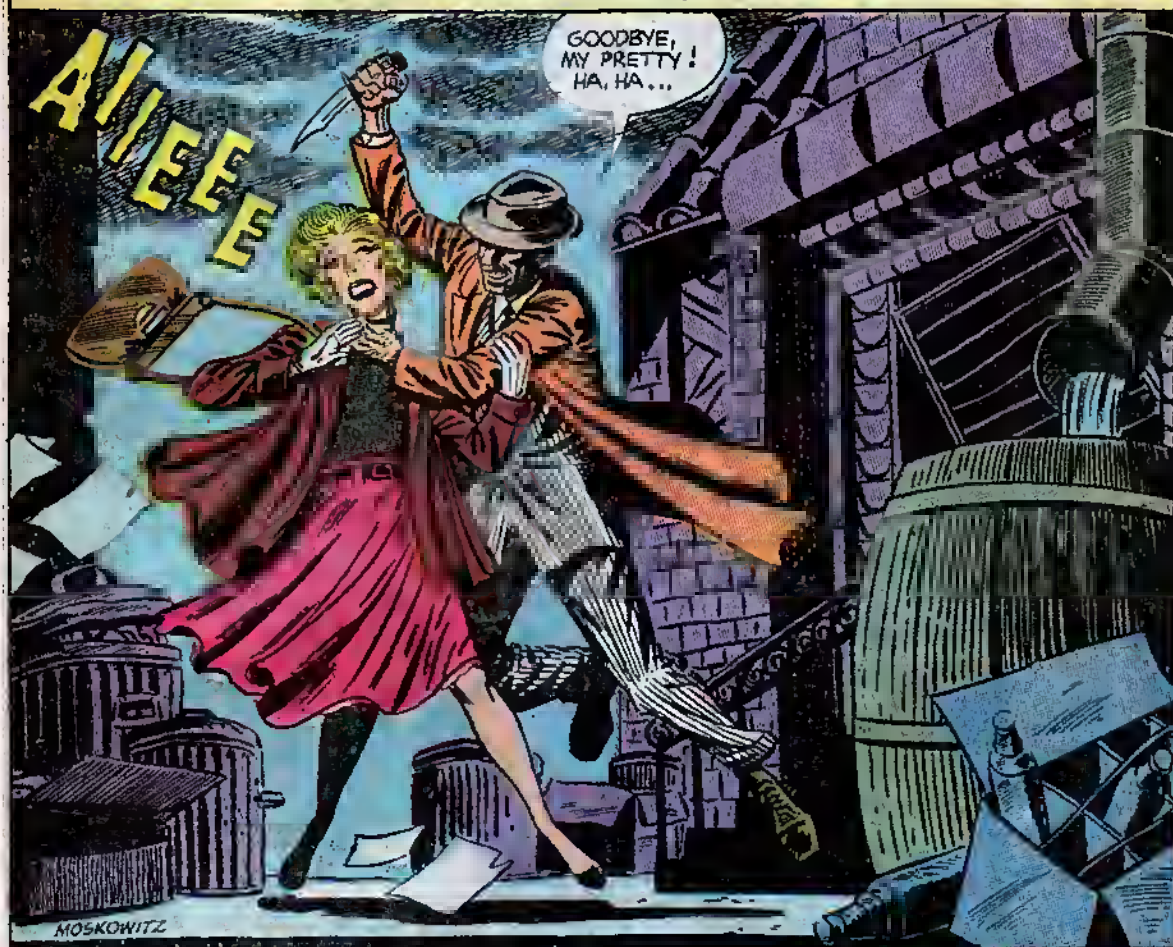
MONIQUE--I SHALL LOVE YOU--ALWAYS!

I HAD DECIDED TO DIE, YOU SEE. FOR SOONER OR LATER, I WOULD HAVE KILLED MONIQUE ONCE WE ESCAPED. AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN WORSE THAN DEATH! THE STAKE IS COMING DOWN NOW... SOMEDAY--SHE WILL UNDERSTAND. SOMEDAY--SHE WILL PITY ME!

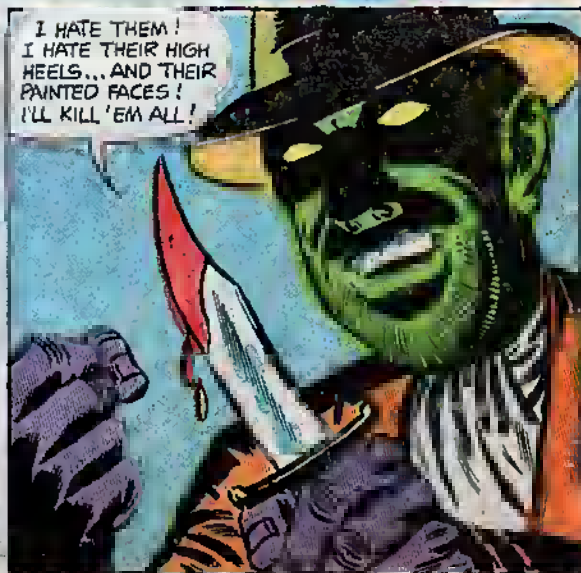
THE END!

IT WASN'T EASY FOLLOWING A WRAITH THAT LEFT MURDER IN ITS WAKE, BUT WHAT MADE IT TWICE AS HARD WAS THE WAY IT LEFT TANTALIZING CLUES FOR DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BAIRD TO TRACE---ONLY TO VANISH IN THIN AIR, BUT SOONER OR LATER IT HAD TO BE CAUGHT---AND WHEN IT WAS---IT WOULD LEAVE---

THE **MARK** OF THE **RIPPER!**



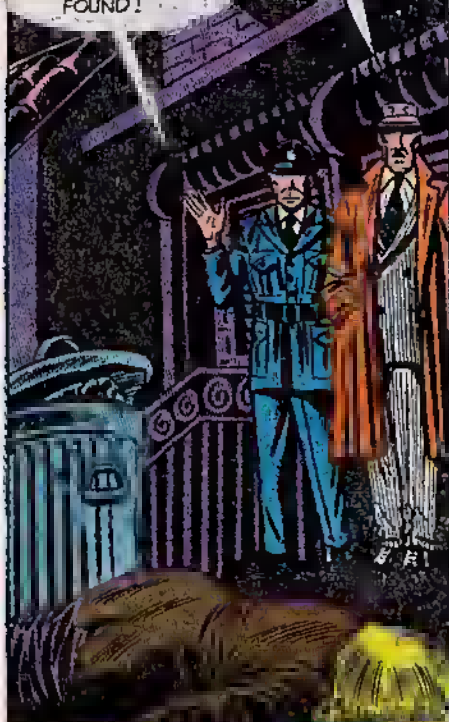
THIS WAS THE RIPPER--A MYSTERIOUS PHANTOM THAT STRUCK IN THE DARK OF NIGHT AND LEFT TERROR AND TRAGEDY BEHIND! WHO IT WAS---WHERE IT CAME FROM--WHY IT KILLED--WAS A MYSTERY!



OUT OF THE NIGHT, THE RIPPER HAD COME--
TO STRIKE! THE POLICE COULD ONLY PATIENTLY
SIFT OUT ALL THE CLUES--AND WAIT...

THE FOURTH KILLING
THIS WEEK! THIS
MANIAC HAS TO BE
FOUND!

I'M DOING WHAT
I CAN, CHIEF!



THAT'S NOT
ENOUGH. WE'RE
NO CLOSER THAN
WE WERE IN THE
BEGINNING!

THE CLUES ARE MOUNTING UP, CHIEF. THIS PAR-
TICLE OF HAIR UNDERNEATH THE DEAD GIRL'S
FINGERNAILS SHOULD TELL US SOMETHING
UNDER LAB ANALYSIS!



I HOPE SO, THERE'S
NO STOPPING THIS
KILLER!

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY, CHIEF. SOONER
OR LATER--WE'LL FIND HIM! SOONER OR
LATER WE'LL GET THIS BUTCHER FOR GOOD!

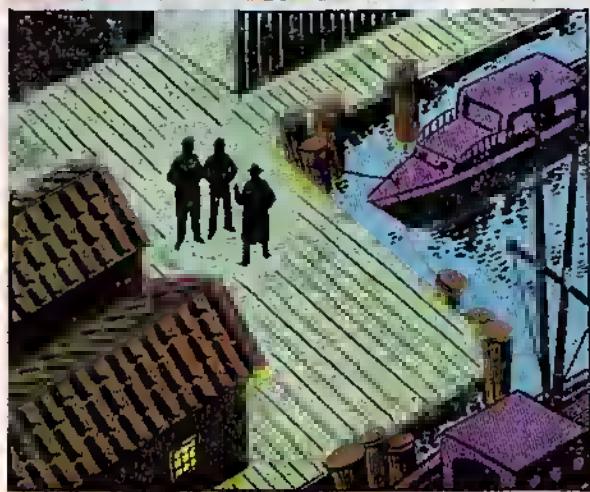


So,
DETECTIVE
LIEUTENANT
BAIRD
BEGAN A
BAR-TO-BAR
SURVEY OF
TAVERNS THAT
WERE POS-
SIBLE SOURCES
FOR THE
RIPPER'S
WHEREABOUTS...



THAT FAILING, HE TRIED TENEMENT HOUSES, STORES,
WATERFRONT HANGOUTS---

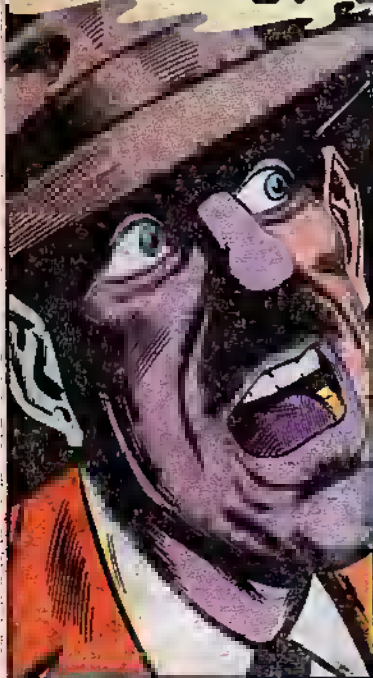
UNTIL ONE NIGHT--HE UNCOVERED THE STRONGEST CLUE
IN THE CASE!



--A SERIES OF FOOT-
PRINTS--THE SAME
LEFT AT THE SCENE
OF THE CRIME!

SUDDENLY---

EEEEEE!



THE
RIPPER!

HELP!
HELP ME--
PLEASE!



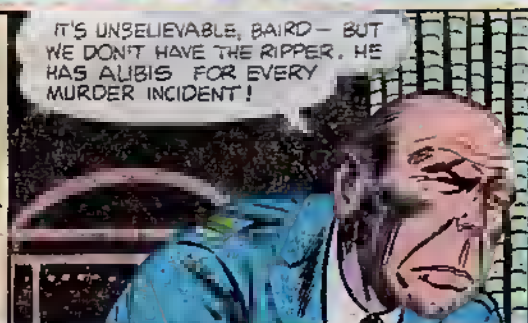
URGH!

THAT'S THE
END OF
YOU!



BUT
HOURS
LATER
AT
POLICE
HEAD-
QUARTERS...

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE, BAIRD - BUT
WE DON'T HAVE THE RIPPER. HE
HAS ALIBIS FOR EVERY
MURDER INCIDENT!

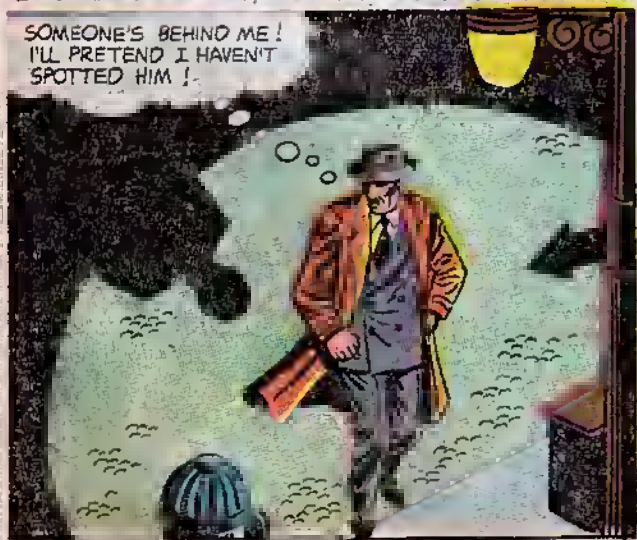


THEN I'LL KEEP ON
LOOKING TILL I
FIND HIM!

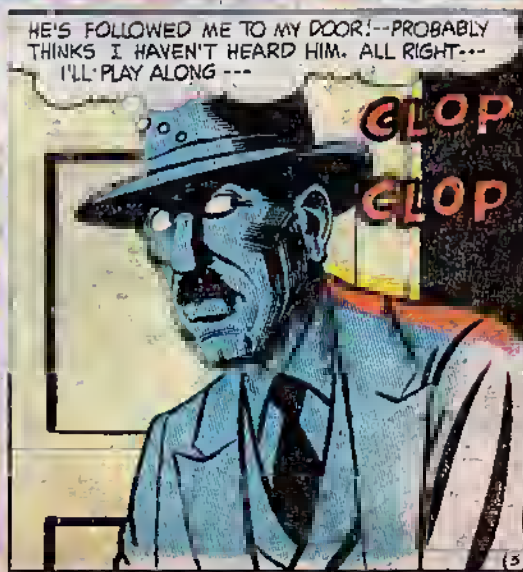


THIS TIME, HOWEVER, BAIRD HAD COMPANY ---!

SOMEONE'S BEHIND ME!
I'LL PRETEND I HAVEN'T
SPOTTED HIM!



HE'S FOLLOWED ME TO MY DOOR!--PROBABLY
THINKS I HAVEN'T HEARD HIM. ALL RIGHT---
I'LL PLAY ALONG ---



GLOP
GLOP

AND LEAVING THE DOOR AJAR,
BAIRD WAITED TENSELY...

THERE HE IS! I'VE GOT
HIM AT LAST...RIGHT
IN MY OWN HOUSE!

LIKE A SAVAGE TIGER, BAIRD SPRANG!

I'VE BEEN WAITING
FOR THIS A LONG
TIME, RIPPER!

UGHH!!
..LET GO!

NOT TILL I CHOKE
YOUR LIFE OUT
OF YOU! YOUR KILL-
ING DAYS ARE OVER!

THEN, AS HE FLICKED ON THE
LIGHTS...

--THE CHIEF!
HE MUST HAVE
FOLLOWED ME
HERE--! BUT
WHY--? HE'S
NOT THE RIPPER
AT ALL!

SUDDENLY---THERE CAME INSANE, MOCKING LAUGHTER...

HE'S HERE!
I KNOW HE'S
HERE! I CAN
HEAR HIM LAUGH-
ING! WHERE ARE
YOU, RIPPER?

HA HA HA
HA HA HA

HA, HA, HA, HA...
THE RIPPER!

AND THEN -- BAIRD SAW THE FACE IN THE MIRROR -- A FACE FROM WHICH
SPITTLE DROOLED -- HIGHLIGHTING THE STARK INSANITY THAT HAD SLUM-
BERED SO LONG -- A FACE WHICH LOOKED TO HIS LAST REMAINING SECONDS
OF SANITY --- AS --- **HIS OWN!**

THE END

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

IN 1860, WHEN YOUNG DR. HURTT JOINED THE STAFF OF THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, AN ANATOMY INSTRUCTOR'S POPULARITY DEPEND-ED UPON HIS SUPPLY OF FRESH CADAVERS FOR CLASSROOM SURGERY. THAT WAS WHY SUCCESS-HUNGRY DR. HURTT TURNED THE TASK OF PROCURING CORPSES OVER TO HIS OMINOUS RECRUITING AGENTS WITH THE PROMISE THAT THERE'D BE...

NO QUESTIONS ASKED

H-HOW DARE YOU ASK SUCH AN IMPERTINENT QUESTION AS TO HOW HEALTHY I AM? I'M IN TIP-TOP SHAPE...NOT THAT IT'S ANY BUSINESS OF YOURS, STRANGER!

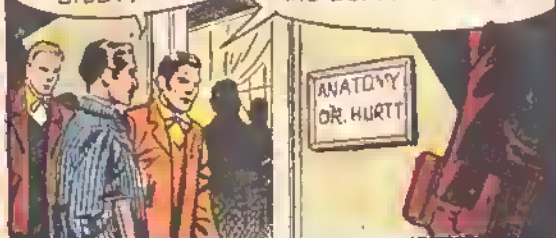
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW INTERESTED I AM, GUV'NOR!



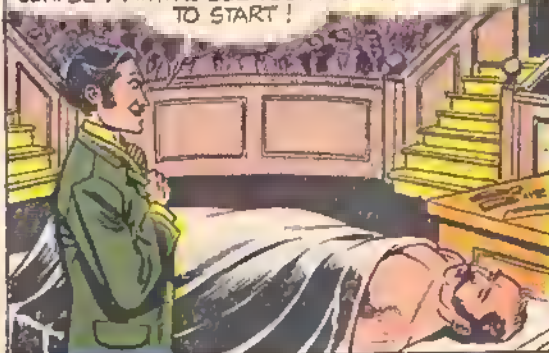
WITHIN A MONTH AFTER JOINING THE FACULTY AT THE COLLEGE OF MEDICINE, DR. HURTT WAS THE TALK OF THE SCHOOL...

I DON'T KNOW WHERE HURTT GETS 'EM ALL... BUT THERE'S ALWAYS A FRESH CADAVER FOR US TO DISSECT AND STUDY!

I SPOKE TO THE DEAN YESTERDAY ABOUT TRANSFERRING ALL MY CREDITS HERE... HE SAID THERE'S A WAITING LIST A MILE LONG!



...AND THE DEMAND TO ATTEND THESE LECTURES OF MINE IS SO GREAT THAT I'VE BEEN ASKED TO MOVE MY ANATOMY DEMONSTRATIONS OUT OF THE CLASSROOM INTO THE AMPHITHEATRE. NOW...SHALL WE GET TO WORK ON THIS FRESH CORPSE? AH...I SEE YOU ARE ALL ANXIOUS TO START!



THE MONTHS PASSED AND, AS MORE PUPILS FLOCKED TO HIS LECTURES, DR. HURTT'S STAR CONTINUED TO SKYROCKET...

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU, DEAN CRAVEN! IT REALLY ISN'T DESERVED!

NONSENSE, DR. HURTT! THE LEAST WE CAN DO FOR AN INSTRUCTOR WHO KEEPS THE STUDENTS' INTEREST BUOYED UP IS TO PROMOTE HIM TO ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR! CONGRATULATIONS!



BUT THE YOUNG PROFESSOR'S TRIUMPH WAS SHORT LIVED. FOR, A MOMENT LATER, IN HIS OFFICE...

B-BUT YOU MUST ALLOW ME MORE TIME TO RAISE THE MONEY, MARTIN! I... I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO...

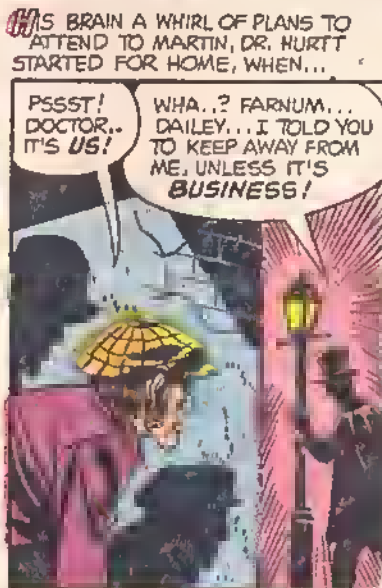
ONE MORE MONTH, JACK HURTT...THEN I GO TO THE AUTHORITIES! ONE MORE MONTH...NOT A MINUTE MORE!



STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES



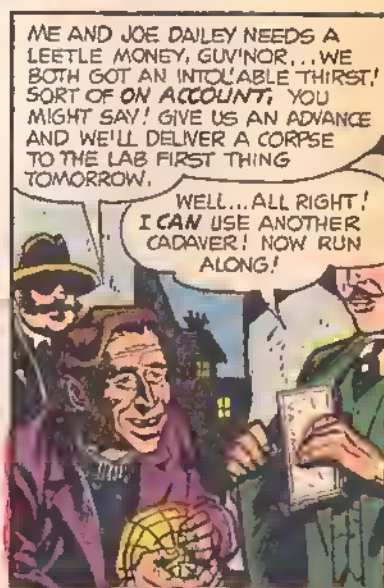
CURSE THE DAY I ASKED THAT THIEF FOR HIS HELP! HE SAYS THIS LAST PAYMENT WILL SQUARE MATTERS BETWEEN US...BUT I KNOW BETTER! SOMEDAY I'LL HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF HIM... **FOREVER!**



MY BRAIN A WHIRL OF PLANS TO ATTEND TO MARTIN, DR. HURTT STARTED FOR HOME, WHEN...

PSSST! DOCTOR... IT'S US!

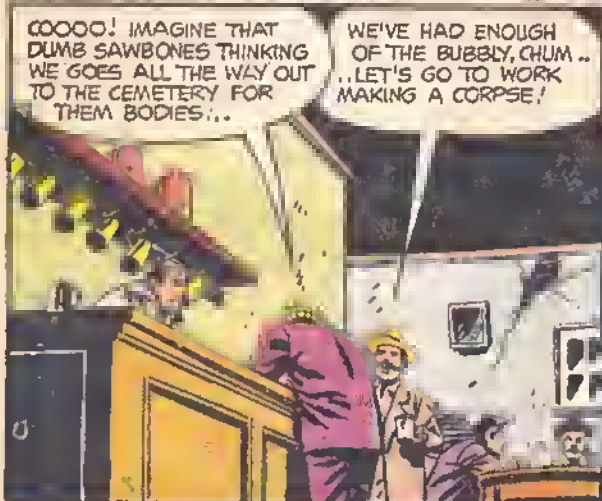
WHA...? FARNUM... DAILEY... I TOLD YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM ME, UNLESS IT'S **BUSINESS!**



ME AND JOE DAILEY NEEDS A LEETLE MONEY, GUV'NOR... WE BOTH GOT AN INTOLUBLE THIRST! SORT OF **ON ACCOUNT**, YOU MIGHT SAY! GIVE US AN ADVANCE AND WE'LL DELIVER A CORPSE TO THE LAB FIRST THING TOMORROW.

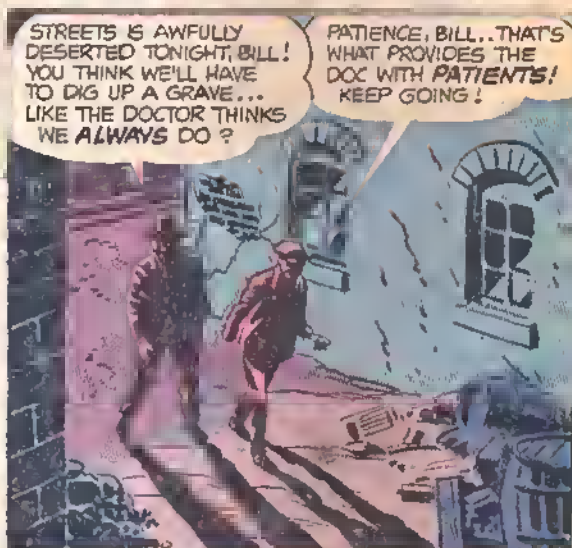
WELL... ALL RIGHT! I CAN USE ANOTHER CADAVER! NOW RUN ALONG!

THE DOCTOR'S AGENTS **DID** GO TO WORK IMMEDIATELY... ON SEVERAL PINTS OF DARK ALE AND BITTERS...



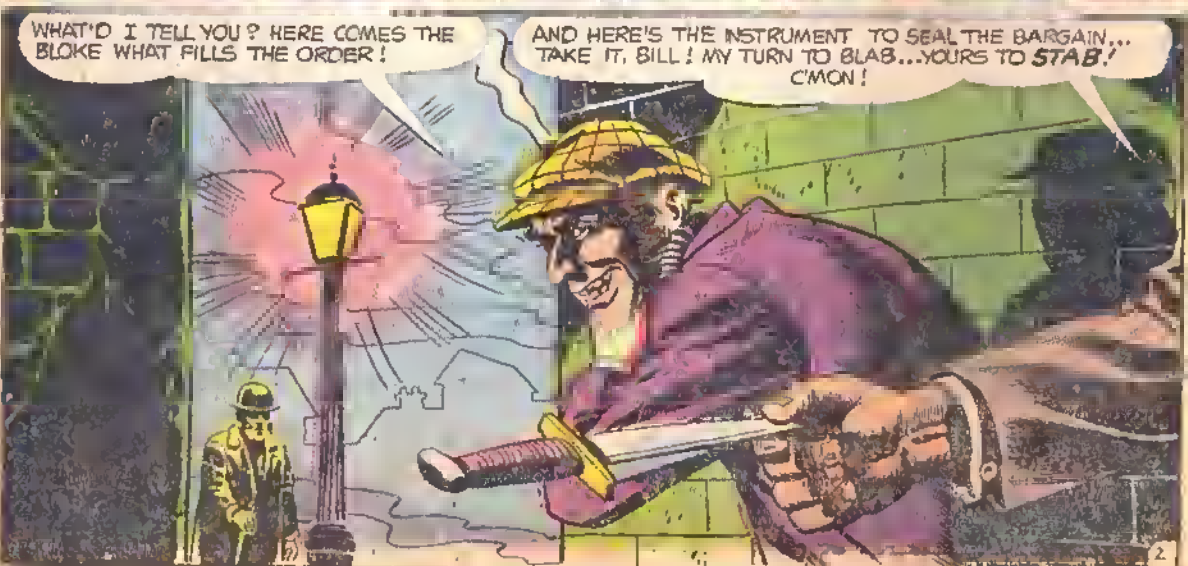
COOOO! IMAGINE THAT DUMB SAWBONES THINKING WE GOES ALL THE WAY OUT TO THE CEMETERY FOR THEM BODIES...

WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE BUBBLY, CHUM... LET'S GO TO WORK MAKING A CORPSE!



STREETS IS AWFULLY DESERTED TONIGHT, BILL! YOU THINK WE'LL HAVE TO DIG UP A GRAVE... LIKE THE DOCTOR THINKS WE ALWAYS DO?

PATIENCE, BILL... THAT'S WHAT PROVIDES THE DOC WITH **PATIENTS!** KEEP GOING!



WHAT'D I TELL YOU? HERE COMES THE BLOKE WHAT FILLS THE ORDER!

AND HERE'S THE INSTRUMENT TO SEAL THE BARGAIN... TAKE IT, BILL! MY TURN TO BLAB...YOURS TO **STAB!** C'MON!

STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

A MOMENT LATER, IN THE FOG-SHROUDED BACK STREETS...

GET OUT OF MY WAY, LOU!... BEFORE I ... **AGHHHH!!**



A MONTH PASSED AND, WHILE THE OTHER SURGEONS WONDERED ABOUT THE SOURCE OF DR. HURTT'S CORPSES, HIS REPUTATION CONTINUED TO SOOM. THEN...

AND I'VE NOMINATED YOU FOR THE POST OF ASSISTANT DEAN, HURTT! THE ROYAL INSPECTORS WILL BE HERE TOMORROW TO WATCH A DISSECTION DEMONSTRATION...PASS IT AND YOU'RE IN!



EXCUSING HIMSELF HURRIEDLY, DR. HURTT RACES ACROSS TOWN TO...

LOOK WHO'S HERE, JOE...IT'S THE GUV'NOR HIMSELF!

QUICK...I MUST SPEAK TO YOU... PUFF?...IN SECRET. I VISITED HALF THE PUBS IN LONDON BEFORE I FOUND THIS HOLE! **HURRY!**



FARNUM...DAILEY...YOU UNDERSTAND ME? IT'S **DESPERATE!** A CORPSE MUST BE DELIVERED TO MY LABORATORY BY MIDNIGHT SO I CAN PREPARE IT FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION! I DON'T CARE **WHERE** YOU GET IT!

AN EMERGENCY, EH? I THINK IT'S WORTH **DOUBLE PRICE....** DON'T YOU? ..



REMEMBER...I MUST HAVE THAT CADAVER ON MY LAB TABLE BY MIDNIGHT! AND I ASK NO QUESTIONS ABOUT WHERE THE BODY COMES FROM...OR WHO IT IS! HERE...YOU'RE BOTH RUTHLESS THIEVES!

WORSE, GUV'NOR... HEH HEH... **WORSE!**



SATISFIED THAT HIS AGENTS WOULD TAKE CARE OF HIS GROTESQUE DELIVERY, DR. HURTT HURRIED BACK TO HIS OFFICE, WHERE...

M-MARTIN...WHAT... WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I'VE COME FOR MY MONEY...EITHER PAY ME OR I GO STRAIGHT TO THE AUTHORITIES! IT'S DUE TONIGHT...I WANT NO MORE SHILLY-SHALLYING!



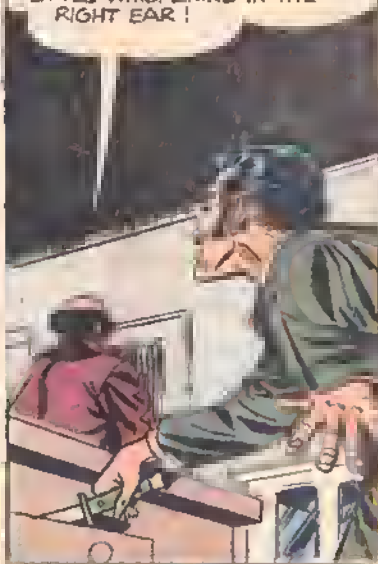
STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES

I - I DON'T HAVE IT, MARTIN! BUT TO-MORROW!

NOT ANOTHER SECOND, JACK HURTT! WHEN I FORGED THOSE PAPERS FOR YOU, YOU PROMISED TO PAY ME WITHIN SIX MONTHS... NOW YOU'RE TEN WEEKS OVERDUE AND STILL STALLING!

THIS WILL BE QUITE A SURPRISE TO THE AUTHORITIES... THE PROMISING JACK HURTT ISN'T A DOCTOR AT ALL! JUST A HUM-BUG WITH FORGED DOCUMENTS... A FAKE... A PHONEY... AN IMPOSTOR! I'M GOING RIGHT DOWN TO THE YARD AND DO A LITTLE WHISPERING IN THE RIGHT EAR!

ALMOST MIDNIGHT... THE STREETS COMPLETELY DESERTED! OVER HERE, FAR FROM THE SCHOOL, IS THE BEST PLACE TO STRIKE! I RID MYSELF OF A MORTAL ENEMY... AND MY LABORATORY WILL HAVE TWO FRESH CORPSES FOR THE DEMONSTRATION TOMORROW MORNING!



AT THAT SAME MOMENT, IN A REEKING ALLEY

TIME WE WENT TO WORK FOR THE GUV'NOR, EH? NOT MUCH TIME LEFT, AND HE SAID MIDNIGHT...

SHHH! HERE COMES OUR NEXT PATIENT RIGHT NOW!



WHILE FARNUM AND DAILEY WAIT TO PONCE UPON THEIR

TWO CADAVERS FOR TOMORROW'S DEMONSTRATION... IT'LL BE THE BIGGEST THING IN THE HISTORY OF THE MEDICAL COLLEGE! NOW... NOW... BROTHER, WHAT A PLEASURE!



AIEEEEEEEEEEE!!!!



THAT SAVAGE KNIFE-THRUST... DID IT MEAN THE END OF MARTIN? WAS DR. HURTT RIGHT ABOUT THE PRESENCE OF TWO CORPSES ON HIS LABORATORY TABLE? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE CONCLUSION OF THIS STORY TO ALFRED V. FAGO, 1472 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y., THE BEST SYNOPSIS WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF **STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES**, WITH FULL CREDIT TO THE WINNER... PLUS \$10 IN CASH!

Reader's Digest

PIMPLE

**Reports Good News
for all sufferers from**

S ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES
SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES
and IRRITATIONS!

**AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT
CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES**

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing new-type medication helps clear up acne blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent pimple eruptions and others with acne troubles of many years. The results were:

100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS

•45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW Some Type Medication Used
in Clinical Tests Reported in
Reader's Digest Is Available To You

**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control the eruptions: first—clean the skin and clear the pores of plugged oil. Second—inhibit the excessive activity of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the specially formulated Scope Products have been empowered to help overcome these common issues of pimples and irritation. Actually, there's simply no better way to help remove the blemishes that the specialists often associate with acne.

**SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT
TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY
PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION
TROUBLE AND MAKE IT
MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP**

DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL—
Send for Scope Medicated Skin Treatment
with the special "look-up" action!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

**DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS
BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY**

At your next hair salon, get rid of those ugly blackheads. Use good SCOT'S 3 Amazing DOUBLE ACTION Skin Formula. See how fast and easy it is to clear the skin of those irritating blackheads. It loosens their pore-clogging impurities and pulls out the hard deposits and sebum and cures the blackhead, making their removal simple and effective. SCOT'S Medicated Cream, with its twice-only tested ingredients, reliably and completely treats all skin irritations leaving your skin clearer, smoother, and more attractive looking.

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-faced joy with a clearer, lovelier looking skin! They've been hoping to improve your complexion to increase your popularity with the opposite sex.

SURE, QUICK RESULTS - WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope Scope Medicated Skin Formula. It's made to relax pores to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unrightfully externally coated blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's healthy to live and touch!

To climb to heaven is the better world—we recommend this amazing healthful diet a few meals each day (no yield more quickly) results than you ever dreamed possible!

NOES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

to help people of all complexions quickly reveal their externally tanned blueness—Scotch Medicated Skin Scrubbers come in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or skin-lightening preparations have disappeared see—here is a

product that guarantees to improve your appearance. At double your money buy Scape Med. 100% Silica Formula: GREASELESS, FAST-DRYING and STAINLESS! Make up cost easily be applied and it!

SURE, QUICK RESULTS — WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR
DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!**

If you are not frightened in our way by the unknown, then we can give you a great experience of our time. It will be just 10 days, with the varied program and we will guarantee that you will have the greatest time of your life. You have nothing to lose but everything to win. You will be surprised. WE TAKE ALL THE RISKS.

SEND NO MONEY

SEND THE MONEY AND WE'LL
 We fill out the money and we'll
 we will immediately ship you the Scott's
 Treatment in a plain package. We
 guarantee if you are not entirely satisfied
 return the unused portion for refund
 double your purchase price

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon TODAY!

SCOT PRODUCE CO, Dill CC-3 ACI
1 Orchard St, New York, N.Y. NOW!

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

Figure 1

City & State _____

SAVES MONEY Includes \$2 now and w/ no postage Some should: low money, buy 1 'all way etc order

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. CC-3 1 Orchard St., New York 2, N. Y.



Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? **MAKE EXTRA MONEY** It's Easy—Fast—and FUN, Too!

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here . . . the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience . . . and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Nopkins and many novelty Gift Items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

—Relax money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fund-raising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. S-123
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK



Popular Priced PERSONALS too!

ACTUAL SAMPLES
FREE!



Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices . . . for every taste and taste . . . Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier and Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-tanned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight! WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE.

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. S-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color Illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

☐ Check here for Organization Plan

Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of **HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH** for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY** Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS

How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1

YOU CAN
WIN
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



JIM NORMAN
AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon

90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY CHEST
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added
7 inches
to my
CHEST
3 inches
to each
ARM,"
says
Jobie
Jackson

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY ARM
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

AMAZING SECRETS
HOW TO WIN
MONEY BY BEING
MIGHTY! Build
MUSCLE! Build
POWER! Build
STRENGTH!
You Now YOU
LAYER! Build
AN ALL-AROUND
ALL-AMERICAN
10 INCHES
PHOTO BOOK

GET
ALL 5
FREE



1

2

3

4

5

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like YOU?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST Your BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon You'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Holman
to John Luckus

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. CH-49

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

"I will forward
coupon to
World for
Building
All Around
Myself
a I will
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
228 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: Please mail to me 1961 Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back 5. How to Build Mighty Legs. I want all in One
Volume. How to become a Mighty HE-MAN. ENCLOSED 1.00 TO
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING. C.O.D. 1.

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

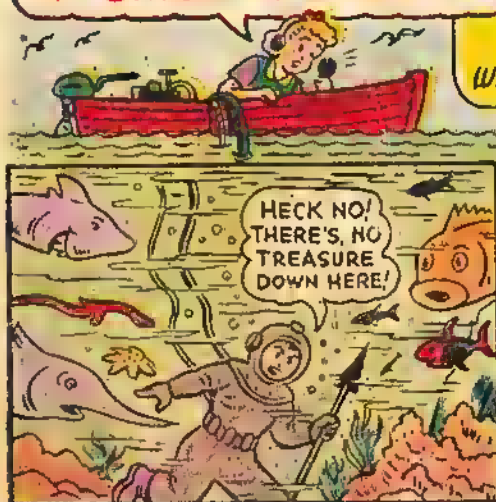
Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

HELLO, BOB - HAVE YOU FOUND THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

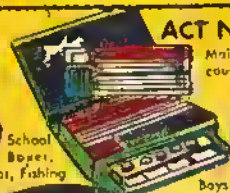
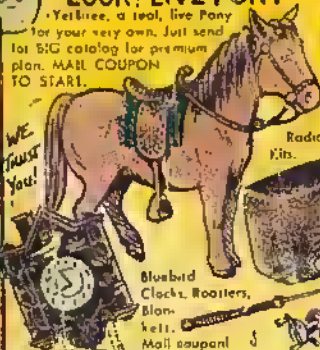
BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**



LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Yes! Here, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



ACT NOW!

Mail coupon.

Boys and Girls Wrist Watches. Mail coupon.

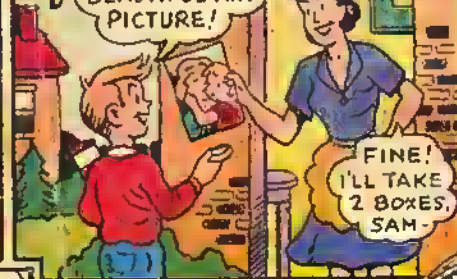
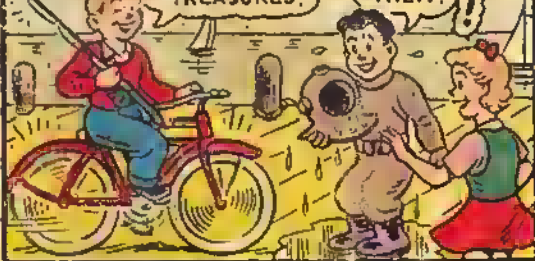
BE FIRST

WHADDAYA WASTIN' YOUR TIME DOWN THERE FOR? LOOK AT MY NEW YOU GET TREASURES!

GOSH, SAM! WHERE DID YOU GET THEM?

WHAT SAM TOLD THEM

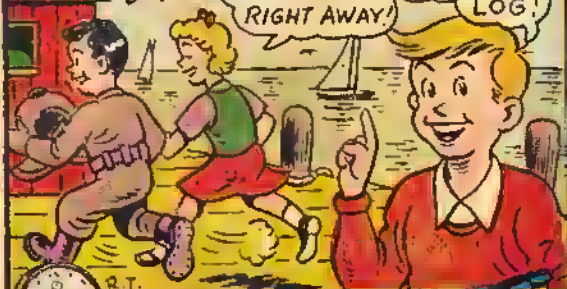
- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE WE GIVE YOU A BEAUTIFUL ART PICTURE!



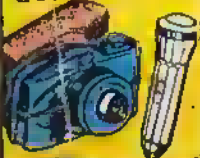
BOY! ALL THOSE SWELL PREMIUMS AS EASY AS THAT!

HURRY! LET'S SEND IN OUR COUPONS RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S RIGHT, KIDS! IT'S AS EASY AS FALLING OFF A LOG!



ACT FAST! Swim Mask, Flashlight, Camcorder, District Set, 1000 Shot Daisy Air Rifle, Bibles



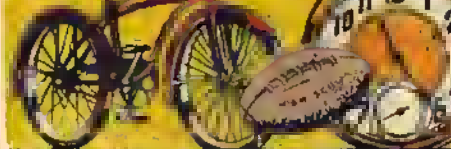
MAIL COUPON NOW!

YOU GET BIG CATALOG

Condid Cameras with carrying case, Telescopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at 35c a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Aluminum Ware, Bill-folds, Bibles, Blankets, Movie Machines, Pen & Pencil Set, Record Players, Roller Skates, Telescopes.



Boys' and Girls' Bicycles, Alarm Clocks, Footballs, Blankets, Bibles, Watches. Get BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



Blanket Bibles, Skates, Dolls. Mail coupon. ACT NOW!



OUR \$9.95 YEAR! MAIL NOW!

Willon Chemical Co., Dept. C99, Tyrone, Pa. Date _____
Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ P. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____
PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Place coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL